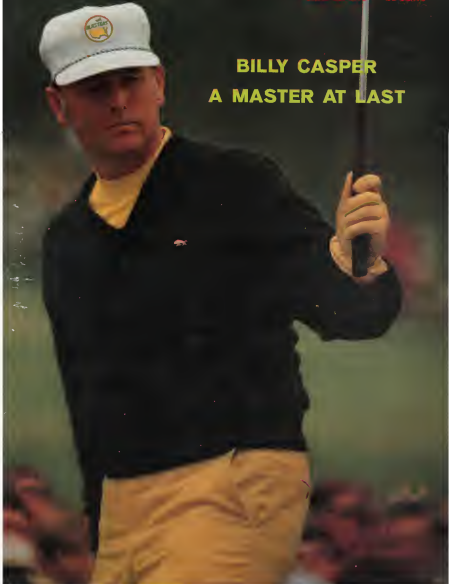


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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, IL 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, NY 10020; James B. Shepley, President; Richard B. McKinnough, Treasurer; John F. Harvey, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$12.00 a year, military personnel anywhere in the world \$8.50 a year; all others \$16.00 a year.

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## Next week

THE NBA PLAYOFFS pit the league's two biggest men, Alcindor and Chamberlain, against speedy, shifty opponents. Lew versus the Knicks and Wilt versus the Hawks.

THE DERBY PREVIEW by Whitney Tower takes into account the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct, the Fore-runner at Keeneland and the California Derby at Golden Gate Fields.

SANTAM CHAMPION Ruben Olivares, with 35 knockouts in 37 fights, defends his title in Los Angeles against Chucho Castillo, who hits almost as hard. A report by Pat Purnham.



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**KARL HOAGLAND:** "Always a great sleeper—for the first time a product did what it claimed. Using the Sauna Belt twice in one week I lost 2½ inches from my waistline. A 'Blue Ribbon' for Sauna Belt!"

**H. J. FAIRCLOTH, JR.,** Lost 4½ from my waist in just one week. Magnificent! There's overwhelming practical results I'd order over and over again.

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2. After your exercises, you simply inflate for about 20 minutes while keeping the belt around your waist.



3. Then remove the Sauna Belt. Your waist will already feel tighter and trimmer. Many persons sleep fast on with or more the very first day.

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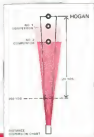
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Please send me this belt along with complete easy to use instructions including the two "magic" reducing exercises. I understand that I do not need to lose from 1 to 3 inches from my waistline in just 3 days. I will return the belt to Sauna Belt, Inc. and receive my money back.  
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Male waist size \_\_\_\_\_  
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# SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

## A MODEST PROPOSAL

Some of our best athletes have been involved in sad endings to their college careers. Not athletically. Academically.

First there was James Street, Texas quarterback who dropped out of school for the semester after the Cotton Bowl with the explanation that he was so far behind he probably would flunk several courses. Then Pete Maravich and his LSU teammate, Danny Hester, were suspended for cutting classes. Pete's father and coach, Press Maravich, explained that "for the first nine weeks of the semester Pete could only attend classes periodically because of the games." (Since the cuts occurred early in the semester one must wonder why Pete and Danny were not suspended until after the basketball season.) Then Rick Mount dropped out at Purdue after the basketball season was over and after signing with the Indiana Pacers for a reported \$1 million.

Coaches do not hesitate to impose their wills on players in many areas—length of hair and sideburns—and one must wonder why, if they can butt into private matters by requiring mass prayers, for instance, they can't see to it that their players go to class, buckle down and get their degrees.

Some few do. Adolph Rupp takes the position that "the day my seniors played their last game they finished their obligations to me but I hadn't finished my obligations to them."

"Of course," he added, "a coach has to make them think of degrees long before the senior spring term."

Here's a proposal. For every player who fails to graduate within nine semesters (that gives them an extra one), subtract one athletic scholarship that the coach can offer in the next academic year.

## NOBY DICK LIVES

Captain Jack Knowles, who operates a 60-foot party-fishing boat out of Panama City, Fla., tells it with conviction.

He has the busted boat to prove it. He had just set anchor, with 22 customers aboard, when one of the fishermen, no light-tackle fancier, yelped as his rod bowed and the drag on his electric reel proved totally ineffective against the pull of something monstrous. In due course, his 130-pound-test line snapped.

"The next thing we know," says Captain Knowles, "this giant sunfish—must have been 10 feet long and four feet wide—jumps right out of the water beside the boat, hooks still dangling from its mouth. It rammed the boat and busted a 10-inch hole in the inch-and-a-half cedar planks on the bottom."

Knowles radioed for help and, with Gulf water washing over the sides, the Coast Guard eventually rescued all hands.

All this is vouched for by the Rev. L. C. Stuart of Phillips Drive Baptist Church, who led the passengers in prayer during the 55 minutes it took for the Coast Guard to come alongside. But no one who knows the giant ocean sunfish would doubt the possibility that it could wreck a big boat. One of the curios of the sea, it grows to 11 feet and can weigh a ton. Even a four-footer weighs about 500 pounds. Related to the porcupine fish and the puffers, it resembles not at all the sunfishes of freshwater ponds. Rather, it has been described as "a huge head to which the fins are attached."

## THE LAW AND THE PROFITS

Southern Florida's big three race-tracks—Hialeah, Gulfstream and Tropical—are under siege. But insiders liken the attackers to Don Quixote and are betting on the windmills.

What's happened is that Richard Gerstein, Dade County State Attorney, wants to have the licenses of all three operators revoked because of alleged indirect donations to a gubernatorial candidate six years ago. According to Gerstein, the three tracks gave \$100,000 to an Ocala breeder, who passed it on to

the candidate. The statute of limitations makes criminal prosecution impossible now.

There a couple of reasons why no one is betting \$2 on the attorney. For one, a legislator observes, the law Gerstein is using probably would be ruled unconstitutional since *jai alai* and harness track operators are not included under it and they are allowed to give openly. For another, the lands on which the tracks are situated would be worth much more as housing developments than as thoroughbred ovals. And if the owners turned them over to housing, what would the state of Florida do to replace the millions it would lose in tax revenues?

## THE HIGH SEAS

The Rest and Aspiration Club of San Diego has a motto: "We don't aim at nothing, so we can't hardly miss." Members of the corresponding Balboa Pant-



ing and Sculling Society neither punt nor scull. "We just drink mostly," says Writer-Cartoonist Dick Shaw, "and drinking can be pretty strenuous." Once they shipped a yacht to Las Vegas with the idea of sailing in a swimming pool. But they were distracted. The pool had a high choline (ur) content.

Now they have taken to having tugboat races without tugboats. The Punting and Sculling entry is an old mackerel smack, which Shaw first saw when she was underwater. He bought her for

continued

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## SCORECARD *continued*

a reported \$5. The Rest and Aspiration's flagship is from the old San Diego-Coronado ferry fleet.

As the starting gun boomed over San Diego Bay, there were 200 aboard the S.S. *Aspiration*. The *Punters'* vessel, re-named the S.S. *Michigan*, had a light impost, a crew of 15. The race was supposed to be over a one-mile course. Nobody measured it. Nobody cared.

The two boats were nose and nose for a while, then the *Aspiration* pulled away near the finish. Some said she won by a fathom. Others insisted she won by a magnum. No one counted the number of Mai Tais consumed and the race could have been considered a tie in this respect. There was a potted geranium plant aboard the *Michigan*, symbolic of the occasion, and the crew, expressing concern for ecology, watered it with ice cubes.

A trophy had been put up for the occasion, and Harry Green, commodore of the *Aspiration*, proudly accepted it—a bent elbow.

### PASTOR IN THE PASTURE

It is said of Father Francis Tierney, a winner when it comes to driving standard-breds, that "he drives like the devil himself was after him." Father Tierney, a Catholic priest who is as much at home in a sulky as in a pulpit, holds a provisional license from the U.S. Trotting Association and is pastor of St. Mary Magdalen's church in Wilmington, Del., a hotbed of harness racing. At the end of 18 lifetime starts he has won five races, finished second four times and third twice.

Father Tierney's advice to racing drivers: "A good prayer and a good horse."

### SLUGGERS?

A manufacturer of baseball bats took a two-page advertisement in *The Sporting News* to depict more than 550 players' autographs with the claim that "these famous sluggers follow baseball tradition by using Louisville Sluggers." Among the autographs are those of 1969 Montreal Expo teammates John Boccabella and Floyd Wicker. Their batting averages last year: .105 and .103 respectively.

### COACH TASKER'S SUCCESS SECRET

One of the consistently superior high school basketball teams in the country is the Hobbs (N. Mex.) High School Eagles. This season Coach Ralph Tasker's

kids averaged 114.6 points a game, and those were 32-minute games, of course, against Grade A schools in bigger cities like El Paso, Albuquerque, Lubbock and Ahlente. The Eagles won their third straight state championship this year, their seventh in recent years.

Naturally, Coach Tasker is being budged to tell his secret. Does he have an extra-tall team? Not really. He used 13 players in every game and they average an even 6 feet. The Eagles' top scorer, Larry Robinson, is only 6'5". And the team's best presser, Duane Henry, is 5'10" and weighs a mere 115 pounds.

In an age when playgrounds are padlocked much of the time and schools are guarded like banks, Tasker's answer is refreshing. He says community support is responsible.

"You see," he says, "the folks at Hobbs believe that the gym—and the other school facilities—should be left open for the public to enjoy. So these little kids come in and play three-man basketball whenever they feel like it. We feel we should encourage kids to come off the streets. If they can direct all their energy to sports, they can stay out of trouble."

"We don't coach them [the non-varsity players]. There's just enough supervision to care for the building. But our taxpayers believe that once the gym is built, it ought to be used. No use locking it up and saving it for tomorrow. It's needed now."

Right now. Everywhere.

### HOW TO BEAT THE RACES

There really is a way to beat the races. It works—for a time.

The discovery was made last January, when Santa Anita's pari-mutuel machine operators refused to open their windows without a \$3-a-day pay increase. So while the operators were walking the picket line, discoverers of the perfect system made off with one of the dormant gold mines, American Totalisator Co. Machine No. 9355. It was as if someone had walked into the San Francisco mint and made off with the \$10 bill plates.

When racing resumed in February, the discoverers were ready. Each day they would repair to their hideaway in a camper or motel and start punching out yellow win tickets. Within minutes they would be at the cashiers' window exchanging their bogus tickets for legal tender.



# We made the tobacco for your favorite pipe.



Sail is blended in Holland from 14 of the world's smoothest, gentlest tobaccos. It's extra long cut to give you a slow-burning, cool smoke. Try it, it won't bite. Sail is imported in four blends from natural to fully aromatic. It will make your favorite pipe taste even better.

Made in Holland by Theodorus Niemeier  Holland's leading tobacco blender since 1819. Available in handy pocket  pouches and larger size export tins.

Eventually accountants began to be suspicious. Their totals were consistently wrong. They checked for forgery but could find none. Thousands of dollars worth of winning tickets had been sold at a window that did not exist.

It took the Totalisator people a little while to discover that one of their previous machines was missing. So were a \$2 plate, a \$10 plate, an ink and two Santa Anita plates. The number of the errant machine had been filed down to 935, from 9355. Clerks were warned to look out for tickets marked 935.

The mutual machine kidnapers struck again late in the day. A clerk spotted one of the tickets. Authorities moved in.

Still, it must have been fun while it lasted.

## PISTOLS AT LONG RANGE

Because of the great tracksters who ran out of San Jose, it has come to be known as "Speed City." Now the San Jose Invitational meet on May 2 is being billed as a superduel in the quarter mile between Lee Evans and Martin McGrady.

The duel has already begun. McGrady, from his Washington, D.C. residence: "It's time for someone to blow Evans into oblivion, and when I come out to the West Coast on the 2nd of May it will be with one intention in mind—to give Evans a sincere farewell." Evans: "I don't intend to start losing now, especially to some loudmouthed indoor board champ."

## THEY SAID IT

- Abe Lemons, Oklahoma City University basketball coach, on why he does not have a curfew for his athletes: "When you have a curfew, it's always your star who gets caught."

- Calvin Murphy, 5' 10" Niagara basketball star who will play in the NBA with the Rockets: "I'm not really short. I consider myself average. It's just unfortunate that I have to play against people who are not average."

- Mickey Lolich, whose turn at bat was interrupted when President Nixon arrived at the D.C. opener and who thereupon took a third strike with bases loaded: "The next time the President messes up a rally, he'll have to bat."

- Derek Sanderson, Boston Bruin center, asked to name the greatest hockey player he ever has seen: "Me. On instant replay."

END

# This is the new wide Firestone "500."

When you discuss tires with Mario Andretti his voice takes on a very serious tone, after years of top competition racing in every kind of car you can imagine he's developed a feel about tires that comes close to being an obsession.

Firestone asked Mario Andretti to test drive a family car with the new, wide Firestone "500". On the test track is where the engineering and design and materials in a tire come to life.

Full 4-ply nylon strength.

The new wide "500" is basically a bigger, stronger version with high style double white stripes. Mario liked the fact that it's designed on the basic principles of a racing tire, a full four-ply nylon construction for tremendous strength and the ability to run "cool" for longer tire life. (Heat, as you know, is one of the great enemies of tire mileage.)

The nylon cord in the new "500" is woven in the tire at a 60 degree angle — this higher angle helps reduce road stress and squirm. Even the average driver should notice the surer handling and precise cornering. Andretti, of course, noticed it immediately — with great satisfaction. This type of tire construction plus the wider 7-rib tread greatly reduces road sway.



This new wide Firestone "500" will stop 30% quicker than our former "500" on wet pavement.

Ideal for wagons, too.

A station wagon owner, or a man who uses a trailer behind his car for a boat or mobile home, would instantly appreciate the added stability. The "500" will help reduce road fatigue as well as make him a more "confident" driver.

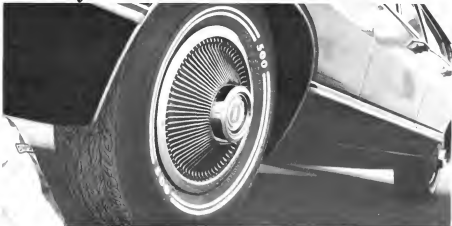
7 ribs wide

You might not notice (but Andretti did) that the new "500" has a very "flat" tread. The new geometry is another factor for surer handling and a better ride, since this design puts more tread on the road than ordinary tires. You'll notice the difference on wet, rainy roads — the more drainage, the more "sure-footedness."

Remember that the new "500" is 7 ribs wide — not just 5. Mario feels that this tire will stop a good 30 percent quicker on wet pavement than even our old "500." And that means 30 percent quicker for Mario's wife, too. (Our tests proved Mario was right.)



# Read why Mario Andretti took two sets home.



## Raised double white stripes.

As long as we were so greatly improving the "500" our designers felt it should look as good as it performs: notice the sleek raised white double stripes and the distinctive white "500" (People will notice them and ask you how you like them.)

Firestone believes that this new "500" is one of the finest passenger tires ever made—and will, like our former "500," earn a reputation for itself as one of the most reliable high performance tires in the world.

A new and different low stretch nylon makes the "500" incredibly tough for longer mileage on any surface.



Take a good look at the new, good looking, wide "500" at your local Firestone dealer or store. (You'll be surprised at the price.)

# Firestone

The mileage specialist.



Mario Andretti says: "Here's a car and some tires—body 'em and send 'em back to me if the tires 'hold' for my family car."

# ALL YOURS, BILLY BOY

A pair of quiet, well-grooved Californians named Littler and Casper shook off the charge of a dogged foreigner in Augusta last week, then played off to see which of them could scrape it the goodliest by DAN JENKINS

I was a Masters for a lot of guys who can lay claim to being the world's best golfer, either because they have the classy swings or the major championships or the bank accounts to prove it. But it was also a Masters that all but one of them would leave on the greens, in the bunkers, in the trees—the usual places—by suffering attacks of what the pros call a rush of guts to the heart. The Masters does this to a man because it happens to have become almost as important an object of worship as a flag in the window or Mom in the kitchen. Thus, nobody wins a Masters anymore. Somebody accepts it, as Gene Littler says, “by scraping it the goodliest.” But this year Littler's goodliest wasn't good enough, and it was Billy Casper (see cover) whose scrapings won their 18-hole playoff and the championship.

For four unreasonable, suspense-filled days last week the Masters of 1970 was alternately scraped and blown into the pines and bunkers—and a few holes of burrowing animals—by all sorts of people who can swing a golf club for you like Laurence Olivier recites *Hamlet*. Jack Nicklaus, who may be the world's best player if you want to count big titles, spent most of his time breaking flag-stacks in half with the shots he flew into the greens. But he spent the rest of his time missing short putts and looking for one particular shot that he never found, the ball having disappeared into an animal digging, the animal no doubt wearing a green jacket.

What a Nicklaus rush or a Palmer charge would have meant, of course, is that they would have been right there

in the middle of all the Sunday traffic, coming down the stretch with all of those Gene Littlers, Billy Caspers, Gary Players and Bert Yanceys who were swinging so sweetly and turning this Masters into one of the more exciting dramas since Bette Davis invented chain-smoking. Everybody knows, of course, that when Nicklaus is close, it shakes the earth, not to mention the Caspers, Players, Littlers and Yanceys.

But it really wasn't a dimension the tournament needed. Before the Masters turned into that country stroll for a couple of quiet Californians, we seem to remember there were these four marvels out there, gasping to stand up under the pressure. All of them could qualify as legends of one kind or another. There was Gary Player, who drops in every now and then from South Africa to say “hi there” to a few thousand dollars. Gary was the hottest thing going and consumed with confidence. He was, like Nicklaus, a man who had won all four of the major cups. But he had taken Greensboro the week before Augusta, which was more important than history, and with his game warm he had everyone a little frightened. As they say of Player, nobody tries harder, although many had more talented shots.

“He doesn't drink, which is worth two shots,” is the way Bob Rosburg put it. “He's religious, and that's worth another shot,” said Dave Marr.

So that ties him with Billy Casper at the start, right?

What sent Player into those final agonizing holes was neither his religion nor his drinking habits. It was a couple

of 68s that overcame a starting 74 and kept him within sinking distance of Casper, who led after 54 holes, and Littler, who was only a stroke behind.

The credentials for Yancey were a little less impressive because he was younger. Yancey has one of the better swings on the tour, but he is also a Masters nut. He is overwhelmed by the treasures that lie in wait for him at Augusta, which is why he has constructed models of all the holes to study, why he always stays in a home owned by Mr. J. B. (naturally) Masters and why, one must suppose, he has the best stroke average for his four tries of anyone who has competed there ever. Yancey is so entranced by Augusta that his pals on the tour call him Fog, that being what he stays in. Before the final round, in fact, Yancey sat in the locker room and listened to a writer try to get him to explain his attitude.

“Bert,” the journalist said, “are you sometimes forgetful and in a trance because you keep going over your shots out there? I mean, do you really relive every stroke of every Masters?”

Bert looked at the man and asked, “What did you say?”

The credentials that Casper and Littler took into the last 18 were pretty much alike. They were young, old pros who had been great players with uncomplicated swings for a long time. They were old chums from the same town of

continued

Confessions and dismay mark the anguish of the 18th green as Player (above), Littler and Casper all miss crucial putts on Sunday.





San Diego who had won thousands of dollars and dens full of trophies. They were men who had known how to win big ones, Casper having taken two U.S. Opens and Littler having captured a U.S. Open and a U.S. Amateur with the best, slowest and most graceful swing anyone had seen since Ben Hogan.

But they had never won a Masters, and this fact was among the things that would make their playoff all the more interesting. It would be the second time the tournament would have two men from the same town in a playoff. Hogan and Byron Nelson had tied in 1942, a circumstance that got everybody in Fort Worth in a swivel. The Masters, however, had not seen many playoffs for all of its suspense through the years. There had only been five until last Monday. There had been Gene Sarazen beating Craig Wood in 1935, Nelson edging Hogan, then Sam Snead defeating Hogan in 1954, then Arnold Palmer whipping Player and Dow Finsterwald in 1962 and finally Nicklaus winning over Gay Brewer and Tommy Jacobs in 1966. It was probably time for another, and whoever won it—Casper or Littler—certainly deserved to be placed in the fairly exalted category of those who had won before him. Which is to say that a man doesn't always go around joining a club that includes only Sarazen, Nelson, Snead, Palmer and Nicklaus.

For a while on Sunday it seemed as if so many guys would get into it they might have to play off in two foursomes. At one point there were seven players within two strokes of each other—in addition to Casper, Littler, Player and Yancey, there were Dave Hill, Dave Stockton and Tommy Aaron. And with Nicklaus ever present just in case they all got the rush of grits at the same time, Monday was looking more and more interesting.

Here, then, is how the 1970 Masters squeezed itself down to just the two Californians. With the last nine holes to play, Casper, Littler and Yancey were tied for the lead, and Player was one shot back. They played the 10th in a slow procession, Littler and Yancey up ahead and Player and Billy in the last twosome, and nothing changed. Casper

then bogeyed the 11th when he got a water lock on his approach and left it way out to the right, chipped back poorly and two-putted. Now only Littler and Yancey were tied. This was Casper's second mistake of the day. His first was a bunkered drive on the 8th, resulting in a double-bogey 7, and only a long putt for a birdie at the 9th had kept him, in all probability, from the same kind of disaster that overtook him a year ago. Then he had led after three rounds, went into shock and saw George Arceher pick up a Masters no one seemed to want.

Player began to move at the 12th, the par-3 over Rae's Creek that has settled many a tournament. Gary holed a 20-footer there for a birdie, moving him into a three-way tie with Littler and Yancey. He then birdied the 13th with two putts, which kept him in a tie with Littler, who also birdied there—but in the old-fashioned way, by laying up short of the creek and wedging into the pin the way Hogan used to do it. Yancey missed the birdie there that the others got, including Casper, so now with five holes to play it was Littler and Player tied, with Billy and Bert a stroke behind. Swell. Let's hear it for exercise, no drinking and faith.

Player bogeyed the 14th with a three-putt from off the surface, and about this time Littler chipped beautifully to a birdie at the 15th to go 10 under for the tournament. For a brief moment Littler held a two-stroke lead, but only because Casper had yet to play the 15th, which, of course, he birdied from out of a bunker.

But as Casper was birdieing 15, Littler was going into a bunker and bogeying the 16th, after which Player birdied the hole while Yancey was still making pars, and heaven help the fans who tried to see it all. The swarms of people would have liked to call time-out about now to digest everything, and if they had they would have been able to figure out that all four men were within a putt, maybe two, of winning the Masters with two holes to go. Casper, Littler and Player were tied, and Yancey was one behind in a new fog—one creased when he missed a couple of three-footers.

The two men who tied, Casper after a 71 and Littler a 70, played these holes the way people do who think they would look dandy in green blazers. Both jammed approach shots right down the

pins, and both had grand, mawkish birdie putts—championship putts—on the 17th and 18th. But none of them dropped. Littler's two putts were longer, but neither was a good effort.

"I sort of choked, you might say," Gene grinned.

Casper's last one at the final green at least got a piece of the cup, amid a groan of terrible proportions, but it wouldn't drop.

Player had rescued a par at the 17th after an awful tee shot, but he couldn't rescue a par at the 18th after an even worse approach that hooked into the front bunker. His six-foot putt, which would have made it a three-way tie, was high of the cup all the way, and no amount of body contortions could turn it. Nor could any of his bodyguards race onto the green and kick it in. Yancey's closing bogey, meanwhile, did not matter, except in regard to the amount of money he would collect. Gary had tried and failed, despite the fact that he probably had most of the crowd with him, and Yancey could go back to his fog and stay in it.

All in all, it had been one of the grippest Sundays Augusta could remember, but it had been that kind of tournament all the way. Saturday had been a wild, special occasion, the sort for which the Masters is famed, an afternoon when the red numbers for under par went up on the big white scoreboards with the regularity of Southern whoops. For a while something heroic seemed to be happening in every clump and bottom of the premises. It was as if word had suddenly been circulated that everyone in the field had just two hours to go to collect their quoes of birdies and eagles for the 1970s.

It began that day when Frank Beard zipped five under through the first six holes. Hardly anyone saw it, Frank having started early, and hardly anyone wanted to believe it when the boards tacked up a bulletin announcing it. He had gone off three over, or green three, and when the red two went up it didn't make sense. What Beard had done, however, was birdie the 1st hole, eagle the 2nd, then birdie the difficult 4th and the par-3 6th. And this was the first indication that the Augusta National course had softened and that there was no wind to carry shots off line.

About the time Beard was finishing up his front nine, along came the in-

continued

Two whose hopes failed to flower in Augusta: Bert Yancey (left), who came so close again, and Jack Nicklaus, who lost a ball and all

scrutable Japanese, Takaaki Kono, who is about as tall as a brassie and had an interpreter to say things like "no comment" for him. Pretending that the first green was the battleship *Arizona*, Kono lofted a seven-iron that went into the cup for an eagle 2, and this was the second indication that it was going to be quite a day.

Moments after Kono eagled and then, incidentally, birdied the 2nd hole, here came Player to roll in an eagle on the 2nd, and then here came Littler and Bob Lunn to put their second shots within two feet of the flag on the 3rd green for birdies, and then here came Yancey to birdie the 2nd, and then here came Aaron to birdie the 1st, 3rd and 7th and then chip in for an eagle 3 at the 8th,

and then here came Charlie Coody to birdie the 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th in a row, striking a blow for a group he calls "us plain old Vanilla Jones."

All of this happened in about an hour and a half, with folks scurrying everywhere to catch glimpses of it. At one point there were eight players all within one stroke of each other, and it got to be more fun to just stand and watch the numbers go up on a scoreboard than to try to get close to Player or Littler or Casper, or to see another iron seeking out the flag.

The startling events of Saturday managed to obscure everything that happened on Thursday and Friday, the shadowboxing days of Augusta. Tommy Aaron led after the first round with a

fine 68, a four-under round on a day when the course played tougher than it would the remainder of the week. The greens were like glass and the wind swirled, and only 10 men got below par. Littler and Yancey stayed close to him with 69s, both having played rounds that might have been lower.

The only man of any consequence who took himself out of things on opening day was Palmer. He had thought well of his chances, and he liked the idea of the course playing hard. Before teeing off, he said, "This is like the old days around here, wind and fast greens. It's going to intimidate a lot of fellows, and you'll have to like the course and know it to hold together."

Palmer did for 14 holes. He was even

## HOW THEY STRRRRETCHED THE MASTERS

*Adding 48 yards in length and several fairway mounds to Augusta's 15th made it tougher on short hitters, didn't do much for slammers and left galleries with fewer heroes to cheer*

Ever since Gene Sarazen made his double eagle there in 1935—holing out a miraculous four-wood and wiping out Craig Wood's lead with literally one stroke—the 15th hole at the Augusta National has been famous. A 520-yard par-5, it presented the player with a classic decision on his second shot: whether to lay up short of the large pond that guards the front of the green, hoping to pitch up close enough to make a birdie, or to go for the green and a possible eagle 3, making a watery disaster. For this reason the 15th has been a pivotal hole in almost every Masters.

It has also been a marvelous spectator hole. There is a large grandstand to the im-

mediate left of the pond, and long before the first players arrive on the scene the crowd begins filing in, with their thermos jugs and sandwiches, ready for a long day of watching a game within a game. Who will make it? Who will go splash?

Despite the threat of the pond, the hole has proved to be the easiest on the course to birdie. Though Sarazen used a four-wood for his second shot, in recent years players have been hitting irons, and middle irons at that. One year Jack Nicklaus unloaded a titanic drive and when he reached his ball his caddy handed him a nine-iron. Nicklaus couldn't believe it, switched to an eight and overshot the green. In the 1969 Mas-

ters, the field shaved an aggregate of 55 strokes from par at No. 15.

So last April, immediately after the Masters had ended, Clifford Roberts, the tournament chairman, decided to change the hole. He told Al Baston, the head greenkeeper, to move the tee back across a service road, a distance of some 40 yards. He also told Baston to create a series of mounds on the right side of the fairway approximately 260 yards from the tee and extending out into the middle of the fairway, thus demanding a more accurate tee shot. In June Baston's father, O'Neal Baston, an Augusta contractor, arrived on the scene with his bulldozer and construction was begun. The old tee was leveled and much of the dirt was used for the mounds—two huge ones, four smaller ones. Grass was planted, and by spring both mounds and the new tee looked as if they had been there forever.



Change at No. 15 moved the tee (1) back from its old spot (2), added mounds (3) and made most players follow the dotted line.



par and honored to be kept on the leader board, but when he got to the new 15th hole (see box) he left this Masters on the green. What Palmer did there was calmly rake his birdie putt of 25 feet clear off the green, leaving a 15-footer coming back for par, which of course he missed. Now he was one over on a hole that he was accustomed to birdieing as often as he talked about flight plans. Consumed with indifference by then, he promptly bogeyed the 17th and 18th holes for a 75, as if his intent were to show the world how badly he could really putt if he put his mind to it. He then proceeded to play out the tournament in 73-74-73 and finished up tied for 36th place.

Nicklaus took himself out of it early,

too, on Friday afternoon, when he shot a triple-bogey 8 on No. 8—which is three over par on one hole and roughly equivalent to offsidies, holding and a fumble all on one play. The disastrous hole sent his round that day up to 75 and spoiled the fact that he had shot 71 the first day and would close with matching 69s.

What happened on No. 8 was, he hit a three-wood second shot at the hole but pulled it to the left and into the pines, where a lot of other shots wind up for other players. But Jack never found his, and if anyone in the gallery did they never told him. He took the penalty stroke, played another ball short of the green, chipped and three-putted and came away from the 8th green with his triple bogey, or albatross, as it is sometimes called—a bird

that does not get you into many Masters playoffs.

Not even Nicklaus could overcome the horror, although he would clout home two eagles and a flock of birdies on the 46 holes that followed his tragedy.

The second round saw Litter and Yancey again play smoothly with 70s, and assume the lead at 139, which was five under par. And it saw the first move toward the front made by Casper and Player. Their 68s tied for the day's low with Kono, who managed it despite his pairing with Sam Snead and the tracks Snead made through Kono's putting lines on the greens.

Of course, everybody should have known when Arnold began to fade, when Kono made a deuce and when Jack Nicklaus went into the animal hole that something dizzy like a San Diego city tournament was bound to take place in Augusta. Once it came to that stage, all the suspense got scraped away by Casper's putter, which warmed up enough to prompt one of his Dixie rooters to say, "If they don't hurry up and pour some water on that thing, he's gonna catch us all on fire."

Except for that, Casper and Litter both played like men trying very hard to lose the Masters. While Casper hit snipe hooks, Litter hit a shank and a high flier and some hooks of his own, but Billy's putter kept rescuing him. He dropped successive putts of four, three, 30 and four feet in the first four holes, adding a five-footer at No. 6 and a 10-footer at No. 7—six one-putt greens out of the first seven, in other words. Casper at that point was three under, leading by five strokes and well on his way to the 69 he would shoot. Litter was two over, headed for the 74 he would finish with if he really got lucky.

The second hole was the real decider. With Casper in position for a hard par or bogey, Litter picked out his wedge and hit his third like your partner does when you desperately need him to save your money. He hit what a golfer would call a half-shank, three-quarter chill dip, full look-up, half-beated sausage quit shot that went about 10 feet to his right and into a bunker. Casper made par, Litter bogeyed, and from there Billy looked like the champion he would become, and Gene Littler just looked like the fellow you would go up to and ask where he buys all those faded shirts. **END**

No one connected with the Masters would admit that the hole had been lengthened. As if worried about being accused of tampering with tradition, their official line was that the hole had never really been 520 yards long, that by moving the tee back the hole had merely been set at its proper distance. But the players, as a group, wouldn't buy it. "They've taken the romance out of it," said Gary Player after his first practice round. "I'd estimate 70% of the field used to go for the green, but now no more than 10% will."

"No way I can reach that green in two unless I cold-jump a three-wood," said Dave Hill.

"It's just another edge for old Jack," said Dave Marr.

Even Clifford Roberts hinted that perhaps the changes at 15 were faulty. "We never do things quite right the first time," he said. Roberts and Joe Dey, commissioner of the tournament division of the PGA, inspected the 15th the morning the tournament began and agreed that the tee should have been constructed longer so that on days when the wind was against the players the markers could have been moved forward. But it was too late then.

As usual, the grandstand by the pond was crowded as the first two-ome came through on Thursday morning. One of the players was Larry Ziegler, whose name was mentioned as one of the three or four players who might try to carry the pond. But Ziegler hit a poor drive and had to play short. So did Dean Refram, his playing partner. Next came Dave Stockton and Sukree Omsahm of Thailand. Both played safe. And so

it went. Player laid up. At noon Nicklaus arrived at 15, but his drive faded to the right of the mounds, and he had no choice but to play short. Arnold Palmer hit a good drive, but the breeze was blowing in his face and even he wouldn't take the chance. By Saturday the gallery around Bacon's mounds was growling audibly over the succession of players who pulled out irons or sending up small cheers for the few who took out woods.

In the first round only five of 83 players went for the green—Cary Middlecoff, Bert Yancey, Bert Greene, Larry Hinson and amateur Bob Zender. All managed to elude the water, but only Middlecoff held the green. (On Friday one of those who tried to carry the pond with his second shot was Player. He made it, with some to spare, ending in the right-hand trap. From there he blasted out, then three-putted for a bogey 6, thus winning the gamble and losing the score.) By Sunday the 15th had played only 15 strokes below par—40 better than last year.

What the change at the 15th had done was remove the excitement from the second shot and make the third shot the key. It had also lessened the fun for the fans in the grandstand. Few golfers went splash during the tournament, and fewer still were spectacularly successful when they did gamble. There were only two eagles, 18 birdies and seven bogeys—all categories lower than in 1969.

Whether the Masters management would admit it or not, it had taken a great hole and made it ordinary. Just ask the folks in the grandstand. —WALTER INGRAM





## CHELSEA ALMOST WON THE CUP

*For 65 years London's Villagers have tried to capture soccer's Super Bowl, much of that time the butt of jokes. Last week they finally achieved a tie*  
by **TEX MAULE**

**I**n the dressing room before Leeds United played Chelsea last Saturday at London's Wembley Stadium in the Football Association Cup Final, soccer's equivalent of the Super Bowl, one of the Leeds players solemnly bounced a soccer ball off his head 10 times. He was Jack Charlton, a tall man with a thick, elongated neck, and he looked a good deal like a seal as he went through his ritual. Not far away another Leeds player did the same thing. No one laughed.

The captain of the Leeds team, a stumpy, sandy-haired man named Billy Bremner, who has been named the Player of the Year in the English Football Association, took a lukewarm bath. Manager Don Revie, a big man with a face like a St. Bernard and the kind eyes of a cocker spaniel, was busy giving another player a back rub. Just before the team left to take the field against Chelsea, Paul Madeley, another player who had only recently gained some fame by refusing a place on the English World Cup soccer team on the grounds that he was tired and his wife was pregnant,

*continued*

*Chelsea's Hutchinson (70) ready in the final goal over Leeds to put the game to rest.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERRY CRANFAR



Falling one of the repeated Leeds attacks, Chelsea goalie Bonetti punches the ball clear.

ricocheted a soccer ball off Revie's trouser leg.

Going onto the field, Revie walked to the left of Trainer Les Cocker, who was wearing a rather shiny blue mohair suit and a scruffy blue tie that he has worn every match day for the last seven years. All of these things were designed to bring the Leeds players luck against Chelsea; luck has been conspicuously absent from the Leeds horoscope for some time now. What it brought them this time was one of the most unlucky 2-2 draws in recent Cup history; they overwhelmed Chelsea on a soggy field at Wembley and should have won this game, in regular time, handily. As it was, they settled for a tie after a 30-minute overtime, and no one will know who gets to own the Football Association Cup in 1970 until some time on the night of April 29, when the same two teams meet in a replay at Old Trafford Stadium in Manchester.

Leeds United this year has been the Green Day of soccer. It is a tough, solid, unspectacular side that depends on unrelenting pressure and perfect execution for victory, and not long ago the team seemed likely to win the regular league championship of the Football Association, the Football Association Cup (a kind of tournament play which goes along at the same time as league play) and the European Cup, another tournament that includes European champions. This would have been a triple on the or-

der of Bobby Jones' Grand Slam in golf.

Chelsea, on the other hand, has played the old Mets on the English sports scene until very recently. At one time a restaurant in Chelsea had a sign in the window offering a free dinner to all comers if Chelsea ever won the Cup. The restaurant is now out of business but not because of a plethora of free dinners; in the 65 years the club has been in existence since its creation in a pub off Fulham Road it has never won a Cup.

Chelsea used to be a sure laugh-getter in vaudeville turns. Back in the '30s one Norman Long, a music hall comedian, wrote a ditty called *On the Day That Chelsea Went and Won the Cup*. One of the stanzas went: "Doctors wrote prescriptions we all could understand / and Gordon Richard wore Camera's trousers down the Strand on the day that Chelsea went and won the Cup."

The coach of the Chelsea team is Dave Sexton, who has no deep and abiding superstitions, as far as anyone knows. It is difficult to know, however, since Sexton is a modest, shy man who answers most questions in two words, looking at the ground. He is also a strong taskmaster; in personality, he is the Vince Lombardi of soccer so far as his players are concerned. Revie, on the other hand, is the George Allen of the game. Not that Allen is as superstitious as Revie, although the coach of the Rams is aware of luck. But Revie provides the same tender loving care for his athletes

that Allen does, when he learned that Paul Reaney, one of his better players, had broken a leg in a game against West Ham nine days before the Cup Final he burst into tears. Not because he had lost a fine player, even Lombardi might cry if he lost Sonny Jurgensen before a Redskins game. Revie cried out of sympathy for Reaney, who had been named to the English World Cup team.

Once he took the Leeds players 40 miles out of their way so they could spend five minutes with a young fan who was dying in a hospital. Given a far better offer as manager of the Sunderland team a few years ago, he accepted it at first, then turned it down when he went into the Leeds dressing room to pack his kit and found some junior players crying over his departure.

"I decided to stay," he said. "I promised the parents of these youngsters that I would look after them and I can't go back on that promise." He has looked after them very well.

A few nights before this game, in the Queens Arms, a pub on Fulham Road not far from the Chelsea home field, the conversation, expectably, was about the Chelsea club. An old gaffer in the blue, high-necked uniform of a Royal Hospital porter (the equivalent of a disabled veteran) was explaining to his friends what Sexton had done for this club. Chelsea has, for several years, had individual talent, but only in the last few has it been cohesive. The little old man held up a trembling hand, fingers spread, and peered at his listeners through rheumy blue eyes.

"This was the side before Dave came," he said. "All of them go on their individual ways, like the fingers on me hand." He wiggled the fingers to demonstrate. Then he made a shaky fist. "And this is what Dave did to them," he said. "He put them all together and now they hit together, like me fist." He started to hit himself in the palm with his fist, and remembered only just in time that he was holding a pint of butter in his other hand.

Chelsea, an area about a dollar's cab ride from the center of London, has gone berserk over the team. Streamers span the streets reading SEXTON'S SLICK TBS and CHELSEA—1970 CUP CHAMPIONS, and in the boutiques and mod men's shops that line King's Road, every shop has a picture of the club in the window or a sign proclaiming undying

love. Not all of the signs are sincere.

In one shop featuring super one-sex clothes, a visitor asked the proprietor what his sign meant. "I have no idea," he said disdainfully. "Two chaps brought it in and threatened to bash in my window if I didn't show it. So I'm showing it, dear."

Since Chelsea is also the Greenwich Village of London, on a somewhat more savory plane, artists and actors are among its strongest supporters. Richard Attenborough, one of London's leading actors, is an honorary director of the club. Asked what the most exciting moment of his career was, Attenborough said, "It hasn't happened yet. It will come when Chelsea wins the Cup Final."

Leeds, on the other hand, represents a dear constituency from the north. The city is 192 miles from London and is primarily industrial, producing wool, textiles, clothing, leather, printing machinery, locomotives and furniture. Curiously, sophisticated Chelsea supports its team much more avidly than does industrial Leeds. The Chelsea Stadium at Stamford Bridge is almost always sold out; Leeds, with a park holding 52,000, has averaged only 36,000 or 37,000 per game. Some people blame this on the natural disinclination of a Yorkshireman to spend a bob; on the other hand, Leeds has only recently become a soccer power and does not have the long tradition of a Manchester United behind it.

Despite the lack of overwhelming enthusiasm of the home fans, the Leeds side, at the behest of Revie, is dedicated and determined. Revie is a sentimental man, but a tough one, too. When Charlton, who was on the England team in the last World Cup and will be again in Mexico City this June, got his eye blacked against Manchester United in a semifinal match, Revie's wife provided the stink to put on it. When he joined the Leeds club as a player nine years ago, Revie told Charlton that if he were the manager Jack couldn't play on his third team. "You don't give it all," he said.

When he became manager he told Charlton that if he played up to his potential, he would be an international star, the equivalent of an All-Pro in American football. Charlton has played up to his potential.

In this game, on a cold, overcast day, playing on a Wembley Field that, for the first time in history, had to be blan-

keted with tons of sand to sop up the rain, Charlton scored the first goal for Leeds. Ironically, it was an easy goal; it came on a corner shot across the goal-mouth that Charlton headed, knocking it to the ground directly in front of the goal. On the soft, doughy turf, the ball hit and stopped instead of bouncing. A Chelsea player trying to kick it clear kicked over it and Charlton nudged it in for the score.

Despite all of Revie's genuflections to lady luck, it was one of the few breaks Leeds got all afternoon. Three times during the game Leeds players fired cannon shots at Chelsea. Goalie Peter Bonetti only to have them hit the goalposts and bounce back into play; an inch to the inside or down on any of these shots would have meant a score. All afternoon Chelsea players fought desperately to fend off a swarming Leeds attack, getting few opportunities to shoot themselves. If it had been a basketball game you would have said that Leeds players controlled both the offensive and defensive boards.

Charlton's goal put Leeds ahead but 20 minutes later Peter Houseman made a goal for Chelsea that was even more fortunate than the Leeds score had been. From 25 yards away he fired a forlorn hope at Gary Sprake, the Leeds goalkeeper. It was not a particularly hard shot and it hit just in front of Sprake, who dived at it to smother the ball. It

slipped under his arm and into the net. "It was the bloody pitch," Sprake said after the match. "The ball was coming in low and I went for it to take it on the bounce and it squatted in the pudding and slid under me. I should have gone right down on it, I suppose."

Leeds went ahead with seven minutes to go on a header by Mick Jones. "I didn't see the ball at all," Bonetti explained. "There were two or three players between me and it." Ian Hutchinson, a youngster whose specialty is the throw-in from the sideline (he holds the record at 115 feet in this rather esoteric specialty), equalized two minutes later with a header of his own, and the game went into extra time.

The soggy, brutally slow turf had exhausted both teams by the time they began the 30 extra minutes and neither threatened seriously. It was a particularly disheartening ordeal for Leeds, which had two semifinal ties with Manchester United before gaining the finals, eventually triumphing 1-0.

Before one of the Manchester games Revie had visited a soothsayer to have his fortune told. He was wearing a new sheepskin jacket he had just bought for \$144. The seeress looked at it and said, "That jacket is going to bring you bad luck," whereupon Revie threw it away. His best plan for the replay is to retrieve the jacket. His luck can't get any worse.

END

On Chelsea's Slevin Street, two fair ladies show where their hopes for a victory lie.



# RED MENACE FROM STAID CINCY

*Opening Day is always a swinging affair in the quiet old city on the Ohio, but usually that's about it. This season an exceptional crop of talented rookies may keep the excitement bubbling all year long* by **WILLIAM LEGGETT**

Spring training would be ending in only a matter of hours for Bernie Carbo, a 22-year-old rookie outfielder with the Cincinnati Reds. He woke early on a Sunday morning in his rented apartment in Tampa and helped his wife Susan pack their Dodge Charger and the attached U-Haul trailer with clothing, some stacks of furniture and a television set for her two-day trip north to Cincinnati. Bernie would be traveling to Cincinnati on a chartered flight with the rest of the Reds later in the afternoon, after the team's final exhibition game. At 9:30, when Susan was ready to leave, Carbo kissed her goodbye and gave her certain instructions.

"Drive slowly," he told his bride of 18 months, "and take your time. Chi-Chi [her sister] will be good company, but find a nice place to stop along the road and get yourself a good night's sleep. You'll have to find a place for us to live in Cincy on your own, because after the opening game tomorrow I'll be gone on a road trip for about a week. I know you'd like to see me play on Opening Day, but there will be other Opening Days."

Opening Day in Crosley Field resembles a marvelous country fair, with banners flying, boy scouts saluting, flag presentations and basket lunches. Bands oompah-pah over the outfield grass. The bars in the tiny, old-fashioned ball park do a tremendous business, and the wursts taste just fine. People with red ties and straw hats come from Dayton, Frankfort, Zanesville, Bellefontaine, Gallipolis, Bucyrus. It has been written that Opening Day in Cincinnati "takes on the air" of the Mummers' Parade in Philadelphia, Inauguration Day in Washington, Gaspardia Day in Tampa, the Veiled Prophet Parade in St. Louis, St. Patrick's Day in New York City and the Mardi Gras in New Orleans, and that

is a considerable amount of taking.

Although his wife would not be present, Carbo knew that some of his family would drive in from his home town of Detroit to see him on Opening Day. And they did. Fifteen strong. There were aunts and uncles, grandparents and cousins and Mama and Papa. When his father, out of work for two years because of a back injury, came down to the dugout to wish him well, Bernie thought he noticed tears in the older man's eyes. When he was introduced over the public-address system he looked up into the seats behind the dugout and believed he saw his aunt pulling a handkerchief out of a purse. Carbo grounded out in his first time at bat in the second inning, and as he waited near the plate in the fourth inning to bat again he cast his eyes up toward the collected Carbos. There, seated next to his father, was Susan. She had ignored his instructions completely and had driven 28 straight hours to arrive at Crosley Field after the game had begun and without a ticket. She talked her way in, joined the Carbo family and was barely seated when her husband came to bat that second time. He promptly hit the first home run of what promises to be an exciting major league career.

After his first week Carbo was hitting .400 and was the most impressive of the impressive rookies that the Reds used to help open the season with six victories in eight games. Three days after Carbo's debut, a 21-year-old pitcher named Wayne Simpson took the mound at Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles. Simpson looked like another Bob Gibson. Like Gibson, he wore uniform No. 45. At bat, he put down a good bunt, singled and ran like the wind. He threw only 80 pitches as he shut out Los Angeles on two hits, and he walked nobody. Supporting Simpson beautifully

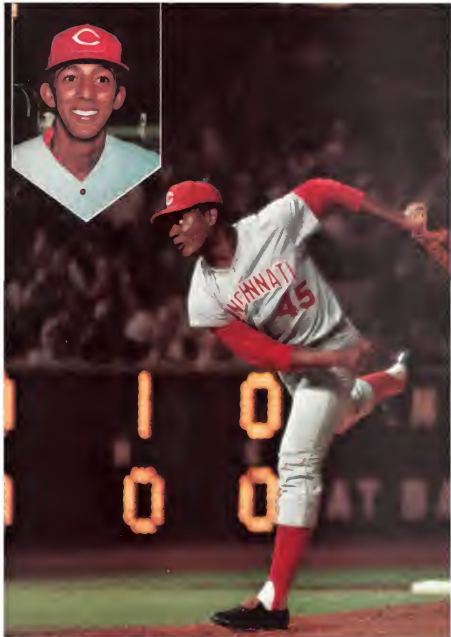
with three hits and some fine plays in the field was a 21-year-old shortstop named Dave Concepcion. A fourth-rookie outfielder, Hal McRae, went 2 for 4 in the first game he played during that opening streak, and a fifth, Don Gullett, turned in a glittering bit of relief pitching in a game the Reds eventually lost to the Giants. A sixth, 27-year-old Angel Bravo, yet another leftfielder, was still waiting in the wings.

The young Reds were a surprise to many people because they had not been widely ballyhooed. Yet the credentials of all of them are excellent. Carbo, a soft-spoken young man who was the first draft choice of the Reds in 1965, hit .359 at Cincinnati's top farm club in Indianapolis last year, and in his final two seasons in the minors he hit 20 and 21 homers. Simpson, the club's first draft choice in 1967, caught fire this winter in the Puerto Rican League. He tied the league record for most shutouts (seven) and completed 13 of 18 starts. Concepcion has played only two years of minor league ball and at first was thought to be a light hitter. In his first year he batted only .234, but last year he hit .294 at Asheville, and when he was pushed up the minor league ladder to Indianapolis he hit .341 in 42 games. Sparky Anderson, at 36 the youngest manager in the majors and himself a rookie, says: "Dave Concepcion can field a ground ball with a pair of pliers." McRae, 23, suffered a broken leg in 1969 but went to the Florida Instructional League this past fall and hit .369. Gullett, at 19 the youngest of the rookies, was a high school star in Kentucky a year ago and had a 7-2 record in his one minor league

season.

*Handsome Bernie Carbo's first major league hit was a home run on Opening Day, and the rookie outfielder kept his bat hot all week.*







sunt last summer. Bravo, the unused, led the Reds' hitters in spring training.

Still, when rookies arrive in the major leagues they find themselves up against more competition than they have anticipated, heavier press coverage than is given to rookies in any other sport and a playing environment that is startlingly different. Even after a youngster has had a good year in the minors people in the majors want to know "how he'll handle the double-deckers." Tommy Helms, Cincinnati's second baseman and the National League Rookie of the Year in 1966, says, "That double-deck thing struck me in a game against the Dodgers in Dodger Stadium. I slid into second base and got up and started to look at the crowd. My eyes kept going up and up until my head was tilted backward. I never saw so many people in my life. Lord, how it scares you."

Older players invariably remember the details of their rookie experience. Ted Kluszewski, now a coach with the Reds, says of his in 1948, "Johnny Sain was the first pitcher I faced. He threw one pitch seldom, one three-quarters and the third overhand—Oomph! Oomph! Oomph!—and I was out of there. I never moved the bat off my shoulder. I came up to the Reds from Memphis, where I led the league with a .377 average. I hit .274 as a rookie with Cincinnati, but I know that I hit the ball better than I had with Memphis. The difference was in the fielding in the majors and the excellent way the parks were kept. Most of the minor league parks were hard in the infields and balls got through. It was frustrating. You have to go through it yourself to appreciate what a rookie faces."

Wes Parker, who came up to Los Angeles in 1965, says, "Bob Sadowski of Milwaukee threw three pitches right by me, and I had to walk those hundred miles back to the dugout. I felt insecure almost all the time. It's a shock to be a rookie because you're playing with and against guys you have held as heroes for years. You can play baseball in your own backyard and make all the major league fielding plays that anybody can make—diving stops, long runs, leaping catches. A lot of people can hit ground

balls and line drives that are not any more difficult to field than the ones you field in the majors. But nobody ever walks into your backyard and says, 'Get a bat, I'm a major league pitcher.' There is another factor that has something to do with the struggle. Players believe the mystique about big-league baseball probably more than kids or fans do. It's those two words that are not applied to any other sport—big league."

Pete Rose, now going for a third consecutive batting title, was Rookie of the Year in 1963. Rose appears outwardly to be the type of person who would be unaffected by rookie jitters. He is very sure of himself and works constantly to better his skills, although he does many things on instinct. Recently, for example, he had a long talk with Ted Williams about the art of hitting. "He told me about hips and wrists and eyes," Rose says, "and I was stopping my swing so he could look some more. Boy, is he enthusiastic. And he knows hitting. He had me backed up against a wall in Tampa. I couldn't do all that thinking with him. I said, 'Ted, damn, if I played for you and had to listen to all this stuff you'd make a .200 hitter out of me.'"

Rose broke in in 1963. "I was known," he says, "as a guy who ran out walks and hit triples. The first time I went to bat Earl Francis of the Pirates threw four straight balls, and it was a good thing for me that he did. I ran like the devil to first base. My first hit in the majors was a triple, but after going 3 for 23 I was benched. I was too excited, just plain too excited."

Left-hander Claude Osteen, a 20-game winner for the Dodgers in 1969, says, "I never did realize for sure which was my rookie year. I came up to the Reds three different times and only got to start three times. In 1961 I pitched one-third of an inning. It's hard for a kid to sit on the bench because the pitchers and coaches will tell you things like, 'To win in this game, son, all you have to do is throw strikes.' That's pretty hard to do when you don't get a chance to pitch. When you are young and wild not many catchers really want to work with you. They want the ball right where they want it, and when you can't give it to them they have had enough of you. I suppose my rookie year was really 1962 when I was with Washington. I learned how to pitch in one game because of a catcher named Hobie Landrith. We were

playing the Yankees, and before the game he sat with me and discussed what we would be trying to do. Concentration is a huge part of pitching; if you don't concentrate on every pitch you will make a mistake that is like throwing a lit match on kerosene. As each Yankee hitter came up, Landrith would stand at the plate and look at the hitter, forcing me to do the same thing."

Maurie Wilks of the Dodgers says, "My rookie year was tough. After being in the minors for 8½ years I thought I knew how to play the game, but I didn't know the pressures of playing mental baseball on a contending team. There weren't too many people to console me, either. I caught hell more often than I had anyone putting me on the back. I was alternating with Don Zimmer, and that hurt my pride. Even though I was in the major leagues, sitting on the bench part of the time wasn't good enough for me. I went to Walt Alston, the most fantastic man in baseball, and asked him to ship me back to Spokane, where I would play every day. Now that was real smart, wasn't it? Alston said some nice things to me and told me not to worry. If he had given me any way during my rookie year I probably never would have made it to the big leagues again."

Bernie Carbo slept barely at all before his first game, and after each game ended he sat quietly by himself, not interfering in anyone's conversations or seeking praise. But the other players on the team came over to him and shook his hand. He talked more about the team than himself. "I know this team can pitch," he said after the fourth victory. "I know we might even have great pitching despite what everyone has said. And we'll hit."

Simpson seemed baffled by his own control in his two-hitter. "I woke up and ate breakfast at 7 in the morning," he said, as though that might explain it. "I just can't seem to eat when I pitch. I guess I was nervous. Kept going to the bathroom before the game. I never pitched a game before in my life that I can remember not walking anybody."

Nerves or not, the rookies are making the National League West aware of the Red menace. Cincinnati's big bats have been sabotaged by bad pitching the past few years, but look out this time, Atlanta, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco. This time the menace seems real.

END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERB SCHIRMANN

*Rookie Shortstop Dave Concepcion (near) hit sharply, and rookie Pitcher Wayne Simpson's debut was a two-hit shutout of the Dodgers.*

Jack Rudloe, out of Brooklyn, fell in love with Florida's unspoiled Big Bend. Now he is becoming famous pioneering the collecting of marine creatures for scientific study **by ROBERT H. BOYLE**

**T**he Gulf Specimen Company is a busy man. The Boston Aquarium ordered gray groupers and red snappers. The New York Aquarium got electric rays, sea bass and bonnethead sharks and is now in the market for a live porpoise. The University of Chicago is a fairly steady customer for frozen sponges and Yale wants live jellyfish and *Ampelopsis*, a slender transparent creature that bridges the invertebrates and vertebrates. Johns Hopkins, Harvard Medical School, Michigan State and the University of Georgia regularly buy sea urchins, while the University of California is big on horseshoe crabs, unobtainable on the Pacific Coast. The National Institutes of Health wants sea squirts and

## PANACEA FOR A SALTY YANKEE



FROM THE MOUTH OF A SEA TURTLE RUDLOE REMOVES A SPECIES OF BARNACLE USED IN THE STUDY OF CALCIUM DEPOSITS

hyozoans, ground up and preserved in alcohol. The hyozoans sell for \$50 a pound preserved, but they are worth the price because they are used to inhibit leukemia in laboratory rats.

In essence, the Gulf Specimen Company is another way of saying Jack Rudloe, who lives and collects in Panacea, Fla., a small fishing village on the Gulf Coast 35 miles south of Tallahassee. So called because it once boasted supposedly medicinal springs, Panacea is still aptly named. The population is only 600, and beneath the stands of pine trees there is a back-door quiet about the place. You can hear the chug of a crabber coming to unload at Burwick Brothers or the scrunch of tires on a dirt road partly paved with oyster shells. For a professional collector such as Rudloe, or for the angler or hunter, Panacea is the place to be. It is smack in the middle of one of the greatest wild parts left in the United States, the Big Bend Country, sometimes also known as Florida's Last Frontier, the Other Florida or, unkindly, Florida's Armpit.

The heart of the Big Bend curves along the Gulf of Mexico for 150 miles, from the town of Perry to the shrimping port of Apalachicola. Just about all creatures known to Florida since Ponce de Leon's time are still there: panthers, alligators, bald eagles, wild turkeys, wild hogs and rattlesnakes as big around as a man's arm. The coast is girt with sand flats, scallop beds, oyster bars and meandering creeks seasonally alive with mullet, redfish, sea trout, butterfish, speckled perch and largemouth bass that look like Mayor Daley with fins. There are vast acres of lush marsh grasses, haunting cypress swamps and dark mysterious rivers that pour into the sea. With so much of the East Coast given over to high-rise hotels, custard stands and power plants, the Big Bend seems relatively untouched and unspoiled.

No one appreciates the Big Bend more than Rudloe. Of tubby build and medium height, he is a man of stature to many of the local crackers. For one, he has been able to prosper by selling the "junk" that fishermen and shrimpers throw back as worthless, and then again he is a smart Yankee, nobody's fool. Folks like to hear him talk, and as a result of his palaver, fishermen who try to peddle him specimens now say brachiopods instead of "sprouted watermelon seeds" and *Amphioxus* instead of "sand maggot."

Only 27, Rudloe moved from Brooklyn to Tallahassee with his family when he was 14. He attended Florida State University for two months and then dropped out because he found academic life confining. An outdoor enthusiast, he supported himself at first by hunting the north Florida woods for bullfrogs and bug "Georgia thumper" grasshoppers which he sold to a friendly biology professor. Nine years ago he got his first order for marine specimens—two dozen live pink shrimp—and he went to Apalachicola, where a shrimp-boat captain took him out on Apalachicola Bay. "After that one night out on the bay I fell in love with the sea and with shrimping, and I never went back to the woods again," he wrote in *The Sea Brings Forth*, an autobiographical account of his collecting career published in 1968. "To the fishermen the eels, stingrays, hydroids and tunicates

were just so much trash. To me this trash was something to learn about, something new and wonderful."

Rudloe set himself up in a dilapidated house trailer and began scratching out a living skin-diving for specimens, hauling a beach seine and culling shrimp trawls. He read scientific books and papers and he sent specimens he did not recognize to specialists for identification. Intrigued by his interest in their research, biologists at Harvard invited him to Cambridge, where he spent several months studying at the Museum of Comparative Zoology. Later he took part in a four-month Indian Ocean expedition collecting specimens in Madagascar. In Panacea he made a down payment on an old one-story Army barrack and began converting it into a laboratory. To raise money he eventually sold stock in the Gulf Specimen Company, and in the

continued



A BILLBOARD SIGNIFIES THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR THE LAST FRONTIER

past few years annual gross sales have risen from \$14,000 to \$60,000.

The company has four employees: Rudloe, who is president; his mother Florence, an ample lady who can out-coon any fisherman, the treasurer; Leon Crum, a wary Panama shrimp who serves as chief collector; and a general factotum named Stew Fahrney, a strapping bearded youth who wandered in a few months ago. There is no dearth of prospective employees. Strangers are always coming by, especially people who have read about Doc in *Cowboy Row*—they seem to think working for Gulf Specimen would be idyllic. Most of them last only a day or two because professional collecting can quickly become sheer drudgery instead of romantic pursuit. It is one thing to stroll along a beach picking up a handful of periwinkles and something else to go through the back-breaking, exasperating labor of digging up 30 ribbon worms, *Ceratonereis acronotus*, which can stretch two to three times their foot-long length and then break into fragments when handled.

There are people who boggle at Rudloe's method of collecting stingrays. He prefers to wade after them in the shallows with a gill. In a given area there may be hundreds of them, some up to four or five feet wide, and part of the challenge is to avoid stepping on one. Once paged, large stingrays often turn to charge their attacker, and Rudloe has become adept at leaping from the water at just the right moment. The tail of a stingray can inflict a very painful and deep wound which, unless treated quickly with hot water, grows bigger as the poison destroys living cells. It is this poison that puts stingray tails in demand, and Rudloe sells them to the National Cancer Institute and the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and Science, where researchers are trying to isolate the toxic property to see if it can be used as a drug against tumors.

Collecting is largely seasonal. In the winter many animals burrow into the bottom or migrate to warmer water; in the summer, when water temperatures reach into the 90s, the Gulf becomes a sort of tepid bathtub, seemingly devoid of life. Sharks, skates, hydroids, electric rays, octopuses, conchs and white shrimp are creatures of the spring and fall, and they must be collected while the getting is good. Keeping them alive in captivity for later sale can be a problem. The ani-

mals cannot be crowded, and the number of concrete seawater tanks at the lab is limited. Moreover, certain creatures have to be segregated. Blue crabs, for example, will dine on searlops and octopuses will eat blue crabs, and so they have to be put in with specimens that are compatible. The octopuses can be kept with clams, and the blue crabs with fish that are not bottom feeders. Stingrays have to be put in isolation because all sorts of creatures can kill them by biting their wings, and spider crabs, which will devour anything, are sentenced to solitary confinement.

Since Gulf Specimen sells just about every creature that walks, sits, crawls or swims in local waters, Rudloe has no idea of what orders the day's mail might bring. A recent morning started with a large order from Brown University for live fiddler crabs. Fiddlers are a popular item, used in a wide variety of experimental and teaching programs. They also make dandy fishing bait but are somewhat expensive to use, inasmuch as they sell for \$5 a dozen. According to Rudloe's catalog, the fiddler crab is "the classic animal for demonstrating neurosecretory hormones regulating light adaption and chromatophore changes. Removal of the eyestalks causes lightening [of the shell]. An extract made of eyestalks injected into de-stalked crabs causes a darkening."

Brown needed 1,000 fiddlers just when the supply was down. Leon and Stew unearthed 300 in a sand storage-pit out back, but then Rudloe came in yelling that the crabs were moving alongshore. The three of them raced over in a pickup truck to where the crabs were scuttling through the beach grass. They formed a semicircle and herded the crabs toward the surf. They fell on their knees and scooped up crabs with their hands, paying no attention to the sharp nips. They collected about 500 before the crabs fled to their burrows, but since the day was warm and sunny, Rudloe reasoned fiddlers would be on the move elsewhere, and so they drove to another beach a mile away, where they gathered 600 more. On the way back to the lab they stopped to pick thick strands of Spanish moss off a stand of oak trees. Wetted with saltwater, the moss is used to pack fiddlers safely for long journeys.

The fiddlers in hand, Rudloe stopped off at a local fish house and bought a sackful of fresh oysters. He, Leon and

Stew had lunch out on the company pier, where they pried open the shells with thick-handled steel knives, doused the raw oysters with a bottle of Louisiana hot sauce and gulped them down. Leon could hardly believe his luck. "You mean we don't have to pickle these oysters for sale, Jack?" he kidded. "I'll be damned! Jack Rudloe givin' away specimens to eat. Wouldn't you like to see it? Jack, when your mamma dies, I swear you're gonna pickle her. You'll put her in a big jar and you'll get a good price, too. You'll say, 'My mamma was sompin' special.'"

In the afternoon they packed the fiddlers into Styrofoam boxes for shipment to Brown, throwing a dozen extra into each box in case some died on the way. MIT got two dozen horseshoe crabs at \$5 each. For all their imposing arrangement, horseshoe crabs are harmless and easily handled (the whiplike tail is merely a tool the crab uses to right itself if turned on its back), and next to sea urchins and fiddlers, the horseshoe crab is the leading seller. The blood is of interest to chemists as a source of hemocyanin, a copper-based respiratory pigment that turns sky-blue when oxidized. The horseshoe crab is extremely sensitive to bacteria and if exposed to polluted water, the blood will clot and the crab dies. Neurophysiologists also like to work on the eyes of the horseshoe to study the reaction of the optic nerves to light.

The University of Michigan had an order for two dozen large blue crabs. A pinch from one of their claws can make a nasty wound, and Rudloe picked them out of a tank with tongs. Then he artfully grabbed each crab from behind with his left hand and as its claws whipped around, he rolled up the crab in wet paper toweling. Blindfolded, it became inactive. Proper packaging of live specimens takes experience. Sea turtles have to be shipped on their backs because otherwise their heavy shells would press down on their lungs and they would suffocate. The octopus is difficult to ship. He must be gently teased from the bottom of a holding tank into a clear plastic bag. Should he become excited and "ink" in the bag, the water must be changed immediately because the ink is toxic. Once the octopus is inside, the bag must be securely knotted, for the octopus can untie a simple knot with his tentacles.

Collecting octopuses used to be a prob-

continued

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TO THE GREEN BAY PACKERS



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**1970 SEASON  
TICKETS**  
TO THE OAKLAND RAIDERS



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**1970 SEASON  
TICKETS**  
TO THE SEATTLE SEAHAWKS



2 PAIRS OF  
**1970 SEASON  
TICKETS**  
TO THE SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS



2 PAIRS OF  
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2 PAIRS OF  
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But only the sip of a noble Scotch  
will make 100 pipers play.

We don't ask you  
to follow our legend. Just a sip  
now and then of the taste  
that matches it.

100 Pipers Scotch.  
From Seagram, Scotland.

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lem. They can be brought up from the bottom of the Gulf with a rock dredge but this method usually excites them and they start inking and expire. Rudloe likes to catch them in traps made of a piece of clay sewer pipe sealed at one end with cement. The pipes are dumped overboard with a rope attached to a cork buoy. In a few weeks a pipe usually becomes encrusted with barnacles and other organisms, and when so covered it becomes a fit home for an octopus. Then Rudloe pulls the pipe to the surface with the new tenant inside. The octopus is very reluctant to leave home, and so instead of trying to prod him out, which could cause him to ink, Rudloe sets the pipe in a pan of stagnant water and the octopus promptly emerges on his own. Even killing an octopus for preservation requires a special procedure. He must be killed in chloroform instead of formalin so the legs do not knot and become distorted.

After the day's orders were packed and taken to the Tallahassee airport, Rudloe had dinner in his trailer near the lab and passed up a date in order to write. *The Sea Brings Forth* was a success, and he is now putting the finishing touches on another book about marine invertebrates. He has part of a third book well under way and detailed outlines for still two more. He is torn between writing and running Gulf Specimen, and although he would prefer to write full-time, collecting provides material and experiences for his books.

The next morning Rudloe, Leon and Stew drove over to the marina at Alligator Harbor, where the company's collecting vessel *Procyon* is moored. Leon took the *Procyon* out into the harbor, a bay seven miles long and four miles wide, while Rudloe and Stew reloaded the trawl. More than 20 universities have mounted collecting expeditions to Alligator Harbor, and Rudloe regards it as "a biological gem, one of the richest and most productive areas along the Eastern Seaboard." Just thinking about Alligator Harbor can set him going. "The sand flats are gluttled with sunny clams, *Meretrix* and *Strophia*," he said, "and the harbor bottom itself has great beds of sea squirts or tunicates, *Styela plicata* and *Molyva occidentalis*, in greater profusion than any other area on the Gulf Coast. The tunicates are home to snapping shrimp, scathid crabs, nudibranch, flatworms, bryozoans, amphipods, iso-

pods, mysids and copepods, all of which are at the base of the food chain for schools of drum, sheepshead, croaker and sea trout. The pink shrimp, *Penaeus duorarum*, is abundant and the red-footed sea cucumber, *Parastichia pinnata*, and the brown-striped burrowing sea cucumber, *Thyonella gemmata*, are found in greater concentration in Alligator Harbor than anywhere else in Florida. There are sea pansies, *Rosalia nallieri*, and gorgonians, *Leptogorgia virgulata*. There are diamondback terrapins and spiny boxfish."

Leon was ready to make the trawl. Stew released the lock on the winch, and the net and heavy outer doors swung over the side and splashed into the water. The wire cable ran out over the stern until the trawl bit into the bottom. Leon made a 15-minute run, and then Stew winched the net back in and swung the collecting bag on deck. Bulging with specimens, the bag spilled open and all hands turned to culling the catch for two dozen live squid ordered by Duke University. The squid were quickly placed in an aerated garbage pail filled with seawater. Leon went back to the wheel and Rudloe and Stew carefully searched through the rest of the catch, saving all sea pansies and bryozoans. Rudloe pried open the clumps of potato-like sea squirts, looking for polychaete worms, *Prosthechea floridana*, useful in studying the phylogenesis, classification of animals. Bright orange blobs, the worms sell for \$10 a dozen. A second haul produced more squid, sea squirts, white shrimp, snapping shrimp (sometimes called pistol shrimp because they make an explosive noise), a garfish and several spiny boxfish. The boxfish, a member of the puffer family, sell for \$5 apiece, but even more valuable are their parasitic copepod, *Taoca amplesomus*, which cost \$8.50 each.

Rudloe, Leon and Stew took the specimens back to Panama, packed them and are lunch. In the afternoon Rudloe worked in the lab while Leon took the tunnel boat up Ochlockonee River. Twenty-four feet long, the tunnel boat is constructed like a big rowboat except that it has a built-up, walled section near the bow. This is the tunnel, and an outboard motor is mounted high on it with the propeller just barely in the water. The unusual design allows the boat to move swiftly in very shallow water, and since there is no motor at the stern, it is

*continued*

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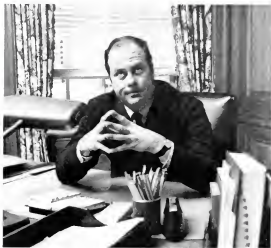
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easy to use a net or a bucket dredge without getting it tangled in the prop. Rudloe uses the tunnel boat to collect scallops, small blue crabs and fish such as mullet.

Leon headed up a creek bordered by tall growths of saw grass. There were ducks and herons and marsh hens almost everywhere. The only mullet around were in a deep hole in a boil off to the side of the creek. In contrast to the creek, stained brown from the tannic acid of the cypress trees, the water in the boil, bubbling up from a spring perhaps 200 feet down, was clear. When Leon catches mullet he often fries up a few on a sandbar. "Makes your tongue slap your brain!" he exclaimed, smacking his lips. Off to the west, he went on, was a big piece of water and swamp called Tate's Hell. "The boogerist look-in' water I ever did see," he said. "You get lost in there, you wander around for months." Leon would never leave Panacea. "This is the only place where a man can come and start livin' again," he said.

Rudloe's plans for Gulf Specimen are grandiose but realistic. At present the growth of the company is limited by the lack of additional holding tanks and staff. In order to expand, he is seeking to raise \$150,000 in working capital and, given this, he sees no reason why Gulf Specimen should not gross \$500,000 a year. "Until I came along," he says, "most sales of marine specimens were preserved. Such specimens are useful up to a point, but they simply cannot compare with living specimens. A harsh-smelling, rubbery octopus, for instance, is no match for the exotic living creature from the sea. Five or six years ago the typical head of a high school or college biology program relied on preserved animals. When I told him about living animals, he could appropriate maybe \$10. Now you find the high school setting aside \$500 or \$600 a year for living specimens. The whole concept of education and research has changed. There are entire medical, scientific and educational research programs throughout the United States built entirely on animals from Gulf Specimen, and if we went out of business tomorrow there would be a hell of a lot of unhappy professors."

Besides orthodox expansion, Rudloe is tempted to enter the live-bait business in wholesale, perhaps revolutionary, fashion. Guides in south Florida have

despaired of keeping mullet alive, and mullet are a prime bait for tarpon. Yet Rudloe has kept mullet alive and thriving for months on end in self-contained life-support systems, a fancy way of saying aquariums. With enough wooden vats, he can keep hundreds of thousands of fiddler crabs alive for sale at an economic price, and then there is the beautiful but commercially valueless mantis shrimp, *Squilla empusa*, commonly referred to as sea lice, that can be collected by the ton and are, according to Rudloe's own field tests, superb bait for groupers, snappers and rock bass. There are the sea worms, *Arenicola marina*, a favorite food of many fish in the Gulf. In the state of Maine diggers have to find bloodworms and sandworms to sell, which are shipped all over the country. The Maine worm business totals more than \$1 million a year, but no one has been able to culture them. However, Rudloe has artificially raised lugworms, *Arenicola cristata*, in aquariums, and they are fatter and meatier than the Maine worms. "I have a million things I want to do," Rudloe says, "but raising and selling sea worms for bait is one of the easiest."

For all of Rudloe's plans, there are threats. Several developers have become very active in the area. For instance, there is a real-estate company in Panama whose billboard proclaims, "McMILLAN REALTY. Selling Florida's Last Frontier." "Florida's Last Frontier is not something to be conquered," Rudloe says. "It's something special and it should be saved, not only for science and medical research but for people who appreciate a natural ecosystem at work. Hell, anybody can go almost anywhere else to look at ruined coastal areas with stinking factories, spoil banks and torn-up countryside."

Rudloe has a couple of allies in the fight, such as Oscar Crays, a militant marina owner, and Harry Smith, the former state budget director, but he also has a good number of enemies who see economic progress in oil refineries and dredging and filling. Leon says, "Jack keeps things stirred up around here and all these big landowners hate him. A lot of people think that someday Jack is gonna get stomped on good and hard." But Jack Rudloe observes defiantly, "It's possible that I'll get stomped someday but it would be worth it to preserve this area."

END

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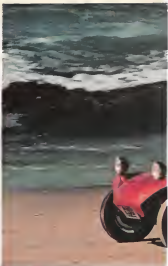


# *New Splash by the Shore*

*This year men go down to the sea in stripes. Plus a few stars, plenty of bright patterns, touches of patchwork and, of all things, sport coats, slacks and vests. The idea sprung—well, more like exploded—from the drowing boards of some of the country's bright stylists who figured that since sport clothes will get you anywhere in today's relaxed society, why not to the beach? The result is a new scene by the 1970 shore—such as Branford's vivid double-knit slacks worn by Mike Andresen at right, with co-sailor Jeannette Voldivio, and, on the next two pages, a crazy collection of corduroys, cottons, polyester blends and even cowhide. Typifying the trend are Catolina Martin's tailored swim trunks, aided by the bold new slacks from manufacturers Moyer and Poul Ressler (page 43), all topped off with coats that clearly get the idea across from Chubman, John Alexander, Haspel, Sandwich Isles and Lilly Pulitzer. Collectively, they're a cool touch for a hot summer. RUTH LIEDER*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEEDY & LONG





*Beach-bound in style, Jeannette, Dwayne Olson and Andersen, plus one Hobie board, fill up a dune buggy.*

*Wheeling at Laguna, Olson tries Honda's new Mini Trail bike and a 1970 look: sports coats at the beach.*

*Strollers Sue Cernal, Andersen, Jeannette and Olson head home from a day's surfing near Balboa's "wave."*

#### WHERE TO BUY

The diagonal-striped, knit slacks on the preceding page are \$25 at John Wamarraker, Philadelphia. Pictured on this page (clockwise): dune-buggy driver Olson wears a bamboo-pattern sports coat made of French drapery fabric, \$95 at Rees, New York; Andersen's jacket is Galey & Lord's seersucker, about \$65 at Bloomingdale's, New York. Cyclist Olson (top right) wears a split cowhide vest, \$25 at Sakowitz, Houston, and Western cut corduroy slacks, \$34 at Marshall Field, Chicago. Next, easy rider Tobin wears star-plaided cotton slacks, \$34 at Kiplinger's, Seattle. In the lounge opposite, Andersen's cotton sports coat is \$35 at Bullock's Witshire, Los Angeles and Palm Springs, and the patchwork model worn by Olson is \$90 at Bullock's. Southern California: At left, Olson's double-breasted corduroy blazer is \$70 at Field Brothers, New York. The girls' clothes are from White Stag, White Stag-Spendo, Kahala and Alvin Darken. Leather sneakers are by Bare Foot/Gear. New metal-framed glasses are by Riviera.





Once a business staple, vests have turned sporty. Here, the Salton Bros. model is worn by trail cyclist Olson.



At Long Beach, Carolyn Hays and Tim Tobin share a Honda Super 90 and show off mild summer slacks.

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# 47 YEARS A SHOT-FREAK

**Wilfred Hetzel can't dribble or fake but, lordy, can he shoot! From one knee, with eyes shut, even off the ceiling—he's made more baskets than anyone**

**by ROY BLOUNT JR.**

World's Greatest (and doubtless only) Freak Shot Expert Wilfred Hetzel, who was discharged from the Army in 1943 "for nervousness," is nervous now. In the assembly program at Ladysmith (Va.) High School this morning, the kids were a little restless, and his performance a little ragged. True, he hit over 70% of his gallimaufry of shots—with eyes shut, with legs crossed, with legs downright entwined, on the bounce off the floor, from one foot, from one knee, from both knees, from behind the backboard (forward and backward), from up on his toes, from back on his heels (toes in the air) and in various combinations of the above. The kids responded with a gleeful shout, as he says they almost always do, to his "goofy series," in which he suddenly assumes a fey, exaggeratedly knock-kneed or bowlegged stance and then lets fly.

But the days of his 60-foot and 70-foot peg shots, which he used to make off ceilings or over rafters or simply from one end of the court to the other, are gone. Now, 58 years old and weakened by an operation for TB, the man who bills himself as "Thrice Featured in *Belle It or Not* and *Twice in Strange as It Seems*" can shoot the ball only underhand (except on his bounce shots) and seldom from farther out than the foul line. And in 14 tries at Ladysmith, his 18-foot dropkick, his most spectacular remaining shot, was in and out once but never quite swished. The kids cheered frequently and came up for autographs afterward but, as Hetzel says, "If I can't impress them as the best—well, that's the point."

Now, sitting in the boys' dressing room of Louisa County High School in Mineral, Va., 30 miles from Ladysmith, he is shaking, and drinking his fifth cup of coffee to counteract "spots of fatigue." He got only four hours of sleep last night because the pills he has been taking for his sciatica since 1949 keep him awake in spite of Somnex. The principal of this just-integrated \$80-pupil school has consented to move Mr. Hetzel's performance up from 2.30 to 1

o'clock so he won't have to sit around getting tenser.

"Nothing terrifies me more," Hetzel says, "than for the ball to be falling just short by inches—because these students don't know, they don't realize the handicaps. And then maybe some of the students start laughing, and I try harder. What some people can't understand is that I'm governed by averages, too."

With that he sheds his suit, revealing himself in the maroon shorts, the gold shirt lettered WILFRED HETZEL on the front and FREAK SHOT SPECIALIST on the back, the worn black-top shoes and the straggly strips of tape on his knees (kneepads shift too much when he kneels to shoot) that constitute his working uniform. He has worn this outfit underneath his clothes on the road since 1962; he had read that Esther Williams kept her bathing suit on underneath for quick changes during her appearance tours. Distractedly, Hetzel proceeds to the gym and takes a few practice shots as the kids file in. Then he presents himself and relates, in an absorbed, recitative voice, a brief history of his involvement in freak shooting.

Not the comprehensive history, because he hasn't the time. If he were to include all the material he is more than happy to bring forth in conversation, he would go back to 1924, when, in Melrose, Mass., at the age of 12, he nailed a barrel hoop to the side of the family woodshed and took his first shot. If you start counting then, Hetzel has said, "and if you include all the times with a baseball, a kittenball, a soccer ball, a rag ball, some socks tied together in the form of a ball, a tennis ball, a football—I had to learn

to shoot the football end over end so that it would nose down at just the right moment and pass through that small hoop"—if you count all those shots, along with the 30,000 hours he estimates he has spent shooting a regulation basketball through a real basket, says Hetzel—"I have probably shot more goals than any man in history."

In his backyard there by the woodshed he shot them year-round, in rain, snow, in tricky gusts of wind ("It was a thrill to have the wind pick up the ball and blow it six or seven feet through the hoop") and in temperatures down to 20° below. He pretended he was the University of Minnesota and also its opponents, which meant, since he did his best for both sides, that Minnesota lost half the time. He would plan out a complete schedule in advance, but when the Gophers had lost too many games to hope for a Big Ten crown, he would start over. When he tells audiences this, Hetzel says, it gives the coaches present a good laugh "because they wish they could start a season over. Of course, it's so much easier the way I do it, all make-believe."

The first time young Wilfred tried shooting with a real basketball, "it went straight, three feet under the basket, like a pass."

"Gee whiz," remarked an unkempt neighborhood boy who was watching. "If I couldn't do any better than that, I'd quit."

"He was one of those boys," recalls Hetzel, "who move away a few years later, and you don't know what happened to them." One of those boys, in other words, who do not go on to become the world's greatest anything.

Somewhat later, Wilfred started doing a little shooting in the local gym—but it wasn't easy. "There were some boys there, after school, who were good at clever fakery, dribbling, passing and that, and they would hog the ball. I might have to wait two hours, from 3:30 to 5:30, until they went home and I could get in five minutes of shooting before the janitor locked the ball up. Or maybe he would lock it up as soon as

*continued*

they quit. I'd think nothing later of shooting 5,000 times, because I'd been deprived of it for so long."

There was no question of Hetzel's going after one of those clever-faking hoys one-on-one and taking the ball away, because ball handling has never been his forte. It has never been even a part of his portfolio. The truth is that Wilfred Hetzel, who has made 144 straight foul shots standing on one foot, who bills himself as "One of Basketball's Immortals," has never learned to dribble.

"I realized I would never be good at the game one day in PT class when I was a freshman in high school," he says

and so on—and here I am, out of the '20s and still performing."

But in those early days he had no tricks, just free throws, performed at no charge. Upon graduation from high school he moved with his mother, who had remarried, to nearby Sauk Centre, Minn., and began to do some sports-writing for local daily and weekly papers. In the line of duty, he would attend Sauk Centre games, and while the players were dressing he would seize the opportunity to take the floor in his street clothes and shoot before a crowd. He went so far as to write himself up in one of the papers, in the third person: "Wilfred Hetzel of Sauk Centre, in a recent practice session, hit 467 free throws out of 500."

Meanwhile, the local team was doing well to hit 40% from the foul line—and he reported that, too. "The fans in Sauk Centre were so hateful to me in those years," he says. "Maybe it was my fault because I slammed their team in the paper. Maybe I was like a prima donna. But once I made 120 of 122 before a game, 82 straight, and I walked off the floor, and there wasn't a single hand-clap. But you know, they've never had a bad team since? It kind of woke them up when I slammed them."

And then one night, in the visiting cheering section, someone woke up to Wilfred Hetzel. "This very beautiful girl came down and made such a fuss about me," he recalls. "The home people never made any fuss. The principal's son would take a couple of shots before throwing my ball back to me, and they would laugh at my embarrassment. But this beautiful girl raved about how good I was. Well, the next night Sauk Centre was to play at that girl's school, and I planned to ride with the team over there in hopes of seeing her again. But at the last minute they took only one car and didn't have room for me.

"So, rather than waste the day, I got in through the window of the gym in Melrose and practiced. I'd make 17 in a row several times, and then I'd miss. I got disgusted. 'I could do better than this with my eyes closed,' I told myself. So I just tried it that way. I shot 100 with my eyes closed and made 74. That was my first trick. I never did see that girl again."

Gradually Hetzel's reputation spread, and he was able to talk several area schools into letting him put on a free-

dom would anyone pass it to me. There were clques on the team—they'd pass it to their friends."

He got into one unofficial game against a local telephone team, didn't shoot and committed two technical fouls by neglecting to check in with the timekeeper each time he went in. The year before, his uniform was stolen twice. He decided to quit organized basketball forever (except for a brief exhibition game appearance with Western Union College in Le Mars, Iowa many years later, when he was inserted to shoot two foul shots and hit one).

In fact, young Wilfred found that he had no great knack for any competitive sport. In baseball he could hit fungoes with precision and catch fly balls gloveless in his big, long-fingered hands, but he was too slow to play the outfield and couldn't get the bat around fast enough to hit pitching.

But that just meant more time for shooting basketballs by himself every day, including the day his father, a Bavarian immigrant and railroad man, was killed. The water tank for which the elder Hetzel was responsible was out of order, and evidently he went up to its rim to investigate. No one saw him fall in through the layer of ice, but when 16-year-old Wilfred came in for lunch, his father's hamburger was overcooking on the stove. Finally Mrs. Hetzel took it off. "The ice froze back over," as Hetzel tells it, "and they had to get special permission from division headquarters to go in and see if he was there. And he was."

It is easy enough to see a fateful symbolism in the mode of the father's death—the son doomed to act it out with a basketball over and over again—but Hetzel says he has never seen any irony in it. By the time his father died, at any rate, he had already devoted hundreds of hours to what was to become his vocation.

Pretty soon Hetzel was making 98 out of 100 from the free-throw line. But he never had any witnesses, "and people thought if I really had a talent like that I would be on the team." So one day as a high school senior, he put on an impromptu lunch-hour exhibition in the school gym. That was his first show, in 1929. "I've thought about writing Ed Sullivan," he says, "and saying they're all talking so much about the sports stars of the Golden '20s—Red Grange



now. "We were supposed to do what they called a figure-eight drill. I'd be a forward, and the center would pass it to me, and I would pass it to the other forward and then I wouldn't know where to go. They never explained it to me in detail, never diagrammed it or anything. After I fouled it up twice, I knew I'd never play. I was too slow and kind of awkward in other ways."

Hetzel did serve the high school team briefly as a scrub, and "I made a few shots against the first team, and I'd pass it pretty well, but I never did dribble. And I'd be open for a shot and very sel-

throw show before a game or at the half. The Depression bore down, and he couldn't find much work, so he lived at home and kept on practicing his shots. When he was 20 he tired of pretending he was the University of Minnesota and began to work more on variety. He practiced for seven or eight years. After a few fans complained that free throws tended to grow monotonous, and after he lost a free-throw contest to an expert named Bunny Levitt who was traveling with the Harlem Globetrotters, he introduced his eyes-shut trick and a couple of other "unorthodox shots" to the public.

In 1937 Hetzel enrolled in the University of Minnesota and was able to work out in the gym and book himself, occasionally for a \$2 or \$5 honorarium, into shows at high schools, colleges and military bases throughout the state and beyond. He hitchhiked from place to place, persuaded 60 businesses in Sauk Centre to chip in on a sweat suit with SAUK CENTRE, MINNESOTA on the front and WILFRED HETZEL, STUNT SHOT SPECIALIST on the back, and it was not long before he was popping up in *Ripley's Believe It or Not* and in *Strange as It Seems*. "Wilfred Hetzel, Minneapolis Basketball Star, Shot 92 Baskets Out of 100 Tries with One Hand, Standing On One Leg and Blindfolded!" right alongside "Mrs. M. J. Wellman, Oklahoma City, Has Worn the Same Set of False Teeth for 45 Years." "Wilfred Hetzel Shot 66 Straight Basketball Foul Shots From His Knees!" right alongside "Musical Teeth! For 4 Months After Having Dental Work Done, Mrs. Fred Stutz, Indianapolis, Could Hear Radio Program Without Having the Radio Turned On! Her Teeth Formed a Receiving Set!"

Then, in the early '40s, after he mastered the long peg shot and the drop-kick, Hetzel's career reached its fullest flower. In those years, aside from 10 months in the Army during which he experienced severe trouble with his teeth (though he heard no radio programs over them) as well as with his nerves, he spent September through May traveling the country, performing for around \$25 a show, sometimes four or five times in a day. In 1941 he appeared at the Clair Bee Coaching Clinic at Manhattan Beach, N.Y., and was invited by Ned Irish to perform in a clown suit in Madison Square Garden, but that latter deal, to Hetzel's great regret, fell through. In

the 1943-44 and '44-'45 seasons alone, he traveled 42,000 miles, passed through 47 states and performed over 150 times. He remembers all his best performances from this heyday in detail, especially the ones in Oklahoma. "I've done an extraordinary amount of spectacular things there," he says. "In Davis, Okla., on Feb. 29, 1944—which I remember because I thought at the time, 'This is an unusual day, it comes along once in four years, I wonder what feat I'll accomplish that will make me remember this day?'—I hit 40-foot, 50-foot and 70-foot shots, all on the first try. All straight through. In fact, I lost the thrill of the 70-footer because the netting moved so barely, I thought at first the ball had just brushed it underneath. In Okmulgee, Okla., on a 60-footer, the ball hit the inside of the rim, bounced way back up diagonally, hit the junction of a rafter and the ceiling, rebounded right back to the goal, bounced around the rim and went in. That was for a girl's gym class. It was funny, I had told them my superduper was coming up."

"In Miami, Okla., I made a shot over two grids at once that the coach remembered there 10 years later. In Jenks, Okla., there was just a narrow opening to throw the ball through to get it over two crossbeams. I tried it eight times before I even got the ball through, and then it missed the basket by a foot. But I've always thanked my lucky stars that I had guts. I kept at it, and on the very next try the ball went through the opening and right down into the basket. Fifty feet. Unbeknown to me, Mickey Mantle was in junior high school in Commerce, just a few miles away, that very year."

During these cross-country tours, Hetzel would book himself for three weeks in advance. As he traveled he would write to other schools, advising them to address their replies to him in care of the school where he would be performing at the end of that period, and when he reached the school he would check his mail and map out another three weeks.

It was a grueling routine, traveling by bus or train at night (he had no car, and anyway he finds that driving impairs his touch), often getting too little sleep, lugging around his two bags (one containing clothes and the other his ball and pump), casting about in each town for a room "in some respectable place," struggling through snowstorms so as not to miss a date.

Albuquerque; Oodge City, Kans.; Forest Grove, Ore.; Homer, N.Y.; Ferndale, Mich.; San Luis Obispo, Calif.; Augusta, Ga.; Manassas, Va.; Monroe, Ind.; Louisville, Leechburg, Pa.; Ogden, Utah; Akron; Morgantown, W. Va.; Hagerstown, Md.; Maywood, Ill.; Tombstone, Ariz. It was a thorough way of seeing the country, but it paid Hetzel only about enough to keep him going, and the travel took its toll on his health. Not until years later did he realize that he had contracted tuberculosis, which lingered until his operation—the removal of a rib and part of a lung in 1968—but he knew he did not feel up to any more



full-time barnstorming, so when he found himself in Washington in the spring of 1945, he decided it was time he got a regular job. In 1942 he had applied for a defense-plant job in Chicago but "they watched me for awhile and then they rejected me. I asked why and they said I didn't have no coordination. Well, if they'd known that coordination was one of the things I was famous for! I've always attributed my success to the three Cs—confidence, coordination and concentration. But then, you can be coordinated in one thing and not in another. I never did learn to dance." This

*continued*

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**SHOT-FREAK** *Continued*

time, in '45, his touch qualified him as a civilian typist for the Marine Corps, a job he holds to this day.

Settling down in Arlington, Va., where he lives now as a roomer in a private home, Hetzel kept up his shooting career through the '50s and '60s by spacing out his leave time in bits and pieces of two or three days. His job has not paid enough to support a wife—or so he concluded after meeting the girl of his life, a toe dancer, on a bus. He confessed to her in a letter, "I kissed you when you were asleep on the bus," and she confessed in reply, "I wasn't asleep." They saw each other for some time and still exchange letters, but she married someone else. "I guess that's why I've never married," Hetzel says. "I didn't want anyone to replace her."

It was not until 1947 that he started taking off his sweat jacket to shoot—"before, on account I was so slender, I was afraid there would be more people laughing at me, and the jacket made me feel a little fleshier." The greater freedom of movement helped him to keep up his distance shots; but he made his last 70-footer in '54, his last 30-footer four years ago. In the '50s he began to find it hard "to get my pep up," and sometimes when that happened he got "snooty" receptions and reviews. "Those few times when maybe I wasn't in form, no one asked for autographs," he says. "They looked on me as a fake or a cheat or a has-been. I get emotional when I think about the time, in Jeffersonville, Ind., some people were saying, 'He's not much,' and the coach there stood up and fairly exploded and said, 'I wish I could shoot half as good as that man.'"

In recent years he found that small, out-of-the-way black schools in the South were a fertile field, though once "they were obvious—one of the boys came up and asked if I could spin the ball in my hands. I said if I could do those things, I'd have been a Globetrotter. But usually there's no resentment of me because I'm white. Without my saying it, the Negro kids come up to me and say, 'You're better than Alcindor.' Now that don't take no glory from him. He's still one of the greatest centers that ever lived. It's not the same competitive field."

In 1936 Hetzel heard Dr. James Naismith, the inventor of basketball, make a speech. "He said if you're doing some-

thing for humanity, don't think about getting a reward now, you'll get it later. I thought then, 'If I don't get a million dollars for it, I'll just enjoy it.' I do envy those football players. You know that commercial, 'Remember, Charley Conerly, such and such a day when you threw three TD passes,' and then they show the replay? I wish that on my best days they'd had TV cameras running. And I wish the people back in Minnesota that hated me and made fun of me and said, 'If there was money in it, somebody would be better at it.' I'd like to get all those people together in one gym and do all the greatest tricks I ever did."

But now, at Lousa County High School in Virginia, his audience is some 500 rural kids who have been charged 25¢ apiece by their student council for the benefit of a Korean orphan. And what Mr. Hetzel is saying now to the kids, in reference to all those doubters back in Minnesota, is "if they'd believed me back there in the beginning, when I tried to tell them I had made 98 out of 100, I might not be here now."

And he is advancing, in his gangly yet almost formal walk, to the foul line, where he begins to hit his underhanded shots, blam, blam, blam, coolly, crisply, now cross-legged, now on his toes, now on his heels, missing one occasionally but in command, running through his repertoire, down on his knees, up on one foot, and the kids are paying him mind. Mr. Hetzel's manner of shooting is memorable in many respects, but its most noteworthy feature is that when he releases the ball—even routinely in practice but especially when he knows he is going well—his face is lit by a proud and affectionate smile. The first time Wilfred Hetzel has ever tried a shot from behind a Lousa County backboard, over the crossed wires that raise and lower it, he scores. On his second try at that same shot backward, over his head, he scores. He scores on one more backspin bounce shot from his knees. And now, in closing the drop-kick.

Short. Short. Off to the right. Short. Off to the right. Short. Short. Off the rim. Off the rim. Off to the left. Off the rim. No, way short. A pause before the 15th try and then it is up, off the backboard, swish.

"Yaaa! Aw-igh! Sign him up!" **END**



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1. To enter, simply write your full name and address plus the words "Guys with Style style their hair with Dep for Men" on a plain white piece of paper and mail to Dep for Men, P.O. Box 8731, Glendale, California 91205.
2. Entries must be postmarked no later than May 31, 1970 and received not later than June 15, 1970. Only one entry per participant. Random drawing will be conducted by an independent judging organization. Winners will be notified by mail by July 31, 1970.
3. Sweepstakes open to residents of U.S.A. except where prohibited by state or local laws or regulations. Employees and their families of the Dep Corporation, its advertising agency and the judging organization are not eligible.
4. All entries become the property of the Dep Corporation. Decisions of judges are final. List of winners will be available upon written request. Please include stamped, self-addressed envelope.

**Enter DEP For Men's Styling Stakes Now!**

A New York columnist reported that **William Goldman** wasn't in Hollywood to pick up his Oscar for best original screen-play (for *Batch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*) because he had preferred to stay in New York to see the final game of the Knicks-Bullets playoff series. True? Mostly. Goldman and **Elliott Gould**, nominated for Best Supporting Actor (for his role in *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*), sweated out the Knick win together the night before the award ceremony. "Elliott is as big a sports nut as I know," observed Goldman, who is himself as big a sports nut as his friends know and has been in a state about the Knicks all season. "I think it's the most exciting thing I've been through since the Chicago

Bears in the early '40s," said the Chicago-born author. As for the Academy Awards, Gould went to the airport from the game, made it to Los Angeles and didn't win. "I didn't expect to win," says Goldman, who did but stayed home. And if he had known, and the game had taken place the same night? "Frankly, I don't know what I would have done." He paused. "Yes, I do. I would have watched the game."

• A bigger loser than Gould was 6' 6" **Gas Johnson** of the Bullets. But there's still hope for a champion in the Johnsons: Akron household, which consists of Gas, his wife Janet, Stephanie, 5, Belinda, 2, Julie, 2 months, and Shane, Shane, a 1-year-old Great Dane, is fast accumulating championship points, having recently added a blue ribbon for best-in-show in Battle Creek, Mich. "My dog's had more success than I," says Gas, gloomily. Could it be the difference between Akron and Baltimore?

The French newsmagazine *L'Express* recently ran a full-page ad that showed **President Pompidou** seated in the stern of a Mercury powerboat. The caption read, in large letters, "If we've been striving to win every race for 10 years, it's for your security, Monsieur le Président," and in smaller letters, "When you feel like a run in a powerboat, we're sure your trip will go without a hitch." The same cannot be said for this particular Kekhaizer Mercury campaign. An outraged Pompidou brought court action and compelled *L'Express* to rip the ad out of the 150,000 copies that were to have been sold in Paris. It was too late, however, to get to 450,000 copies already shipped to the provinces. Thus Mercury may have lost the court battle and won a publicity war,



but the real winner of the latter, since he managed it without firing a shot, was **Reed Laeotte**. In the now famous photograph Pompidou is clearly wearing a Laeotte crocodile shirt.

**Dick Hall**, the Orioles' relief pitcher, passed the difficult exam that qualifies him as a certified public accountant with a score that tied him for second place among the 300 Marylanders who took the three-day test. Hall got word that he'd made it on April 3—in other words, just in time.

"Personally, I wish it had never happened," says **Frank Howard**, and if that sounds like an unappreciative thing to say about a kiss from a microskirted young woman, it may be because Howard was unappreciative. A bulesque dancer from the Gaiety Theater in Washington elampered over a box-seat railing during the season opener against Detroit, rushed to the plate and planted a kiss on the flabbergasted Howard. "It was very embarrassing to me," he says, adding, unnecessarily, "and I know it was embarrassing to my wife, who was sitting in the stands." The dancer, Morgana Roberts, has struck before. **Clete Boyer**, **Pete Rose** and **Bob Verga** have

all been objects of her affection or whatever. "I just pick a team I like and then pick the best player," she explains, but there was something special about the Frank Howard episode. "The other times," says Morgana, "I got thrown out of the park."

• Word has been going around that in order to keep up with the times **Johnny Unitas** has let his hair grow. Now he has decided that it is long enough, but his more swinging fans may be disappointed—hairwise, Unitas is not as groovy as Tiny Tim. He isn't even as groovy as Lyndon Johnson. "Long enough" turns out to mean that his hair lies down and he can part it.

**Queen Elizabeth's** jockey, Joe Mercer, is in jail in India for attempting to smuggle diamonds and foreign currency out of that country; a sneak thief recently pinched the Queen Mother's binoculars after the third race at Fakenham; and the next day the van carrying her horse Chaos II was involved in a collision with two other vehicles near Hampton Court. It's enough to make a queen give the sport back to the kings.

"I don't intend to go back," says **A.J. Foyt**, home in Houston after a trip to Alaska to hunt polar bear with a friend, **Luke Johnson**. "We were snowbound for seven days, and it was so cold [45° below, with winds up to 60 mph] that when we took our muzzies off to shoot our fingers turned blue in two seconds." A.J.'s previous hunting experience consisted principally of "practice shooting out at my ranch," but whatever he's got around the place to practice on filled the bill. He bagged a 1,200-pound, 10-foot bear, and the first thing he did, reports Johnson, "was to rush up and put an STP sticker on it."





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## The best play was not the answer

When the Dallas Aces (SI, March 23) and Omar Sharif's Bridge Circus completed their tour of seven U.S. cities last month they had played a total of 840 deals—the longest team contest in bridge history. Since the Circus included three members of the Italian Blue Team—Giorgio Belladonna, Benito Garozzo and Pietro Forquet—the experience was invaluable for the Aces, who will represent us at the world championships in Sweden this June. This is true whether or not the Blues decide to skip Sweden, as announced; the com-

petition they furnished cannot help but improve the Aces' chances.

The tour was an artistic success but a financial failure. Despite subsidies of more than \$50,000 paid by two sponsors—the makers of Stancraft playing cards and Cosco bridge tables—and favorable arrangements with airlines and some hotels, gate receipts were a long way from meeting expenses. Huge crowds turned out to see Omar the ac-

tor at the various stores where he made personal appearances, but audiences at the matches were disappointingly small. Sharif could not understand why movie fans stood in line just for a glimpse of him, while bridge fans responded so poorly to the opportunity of seeing him and his European stars in action.

The Aces won the tour by 101 international match points. If the margin seems large, the fact is that, counting each session as a match, the Aces won by only 22 to 20. The Texans recovered from a jittery start to lead by three IMPs going into the final week's play in Philadelphia. There they won the first three sessions, two of them by huge margins, to build their lead to 160 IMPs, and while the Circus rallied, the effort was too little and late. On the hand shown, the Circus, instead of losing 17 IMPs, picked up 18, a swing that seems hardly justified. Mike Lawrence and Bob Hamman sat for the Aces in the closed room, Claude Delmouly and Belladonna for the Circus, and this was the bidding:

*North-South vulnerable  
North dealer*

NORTH		EAST	
♠	A Q J 2	♠	8 7
♥	10 9 4	♥	7 6 5
♦	8 3	♦	J 7 2
♣	Q 10 9 7	♣	J 8 5 4 2
WEST		SOUTH	
♠	9 8 4	♠	K 10 5 3
♥	A K Q 8 3 2	♥	J
♦	9 6 3 4	♦	A K Q 10
♣		♣	A K 6 3

# You've got a lot to live.



NORTH (Delmonico)	EAST (Goldman)	SOUTH (Delmonico)	WEST (Goldman)
PASS	PASS	2 ♠	1 ♣
2 ♣	PASS	3 ♣	PASS
3 ♠	PASS	4 ♠	PASS
PASS	PASS	PASS	DOUBLE

Opening lead: 7 of diamonds

Belladonna's opening bid showed a good three-suiter; Delmonico's cue bid asked opener to name his short suit. As a result, the slam was played by North, who could have been defeated by a club lead, which West would ruff. But East decided that partner's double asked for a lead of South's first suit—diamonds. After the diamond opening Delmonico had no trouble bringing home the slam. With the "showup" finesse against the jack of clubs, declarer lost only one heart trick.

When the audience watched the hand played via closed-circuit TV, the Aces, represented by Billy Eisenberg and Bob Goldman, bid so that the slam was played from the South seat, and the American rooters cheered. For once,

Italian bidding methods seemed to have lost the lucky charm that always appeared to locate the contract in the "right" hand for them.

NORTH (Delmonico)	EAST (Goldman)	SOUTH (Delmonico)	WEST (Goldman)
PASS	PASS	1 ♠	1 ♣
DOUBLE	PASS	2 ♣	DOUBLE
PASS	PASS	3 ♠	PASS
1 ♠	PASS	4 N.T.	PASS
5 ♠	PASS	5 ♣	PASS
6 ♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: ace of hearts

North's double was negative, not for penalties. It announced a fair hand with strength in the unbid suits. American cheering appeared premature when South's cue bid, in response—although eminently correct since it told partner he could support either black suit—apparently was on the way to making North declarer and jeopardizing the slam. However, West's double of this cue-bid gave North the chance to pass, so the spade slam was played from the South side after all.

Goldman, a wizard in mathematics, ruffed the second round of hearts and saw a chance to avoid any finesse or any reliance on dropping the jack of diamonds. He crossed to dummy's spade jack, ruffed dummy's last heart and laid down the spade king. There were still two chances to bring in the slam. Declarer could overtake the king, relying on a break in trumps, or he could cash two top diamonds and get to dummy by ruffing a third diamond. Instead, he went along with the odds and, after holding the trick with his king of spades, he tried to reach dummy with a low club lead.

Disaster! West had the remaining trump, and he did not have a club. As the cards lay, the Aces had bid the hand better than the Circus: as mathematics dictated, they had played it best. But the result was a swing that cost 35 IMPs—a doubled slam that could have been defeated, plus an undoubled slam that was apparently a sure thing from the South side.

END

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to enjoy it all. Enjoy  
Coke once in a while, too.  
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Spring was running a fast break into Indianapolis last week. Budding leaves clustered in fuzzy nodes on the plentiful elms along Meridian Street and the temperature rose, fleetingly, into the 70s. A sure sign of even warmer days to come was the appearance on the streets of Indianapolis pace cars, the white convertibles the Speedway hands out to race officials and reporters to drive during the hectic weeks of preparation for the 500. It would have been easy to assume that Memorial Day was just around the corner except that those holdovers from winter, the ABA's Eastern Division champion Indiana Pacers, were still playing regular-season games.

The ABA season, which began with exhibition games six months ago, is the longest in sports, and there is little likelihood that the Pacers will stop playing anytime soon. Their frontcourt, consisting of a poet, Mel Daniels, an Indiana-style bachelor swinger, Bob Netolicky, and Roger Brown, who used to shoot baskets for an undertaker, is the best in the league and should lead Indiana through the ABA playoffs, which finally begin this week. If it does, there may be pro basketball games in Indianapolis up until race week and, considering the length of the grind, the winners should be awarded a checkered flag as well as a trophy.

The Pacers are already winners in Indianapolis. Only Milwaukee among pro basketball's young franchises can match Indiana's success, and the Pacers, who drew 8,100 fans a game this year, could finish as high as fourth in attendance among teams in both leagues. The NBA clubs in New York, Los Angeles and Philadelphia will outdraw the Pacers, but each has at least four times the population of Indianapolis.

Most of the credit for Indiana's rapid development as a franchise goes to 34-year-old Mike Storen, the general manager. "In the beginning we directed our efforts to building a strong foundation," Storen said last week. "We wanted to develop wide community support and start putting together the players for a good team." That groundwork paid off last year when the Pacers came out of last place early in the season and won the Eastern playoffs 4-1. The team also showed a profit, first in the ABA. This year Indiana clinched its division with a 52-17 record, recorded even higher attendance and was

## Indiana has a hot new poet

**Whether James Whitcomb Riley was a better writer may be a moot point, but one thing is clear: he couldn't play the pivot like Mel Daniels**

awarded lucrative television and radio contracts. And the boom seems likely to last.

The Pacers also struck the first blow in the draft war with the NBA this spring by signing home-state hero Rick Mount, the automatic gun from Lebanon, Ind. and Purdue. Mount should be a high scorer on the floor and at the gate, and his acquisition triggered a successful ABA drive aimed at forcing the NBA to merge. Last weekend the two leagues reached a tentative agreement on the main points of the merger, including a number of conditions surprisingly favorable to the ABA.

No one is more relieved by the success of the new league than Roger Brown, who was working the night shift as an injection-machine operator in a Dayton, Ohio General Motors plant when Storen signed him as the first Pacer. Brown

played in the Brooklyn high school league with NBA All-Stars Billy Cunningham and Connie Hawkins, and the debate persists on the playgrounds in New York City over which of the three was the best. Brown, like Hawkins, was accused of associating with gamblers when he was a freshman in college. Although no charges were pressed against him, he was, again like Hawkins, banned by the NBA. Brown left college, became a factory worker and played on AAU teams, one of them sponsored by Jones Brothers Mortuaries. "I knew there would be two leagues sometime," Brown says. "I didn't know whether it would come in my playing years. When the Pacers offered me a contract, I was leery about signing. It meant losing my seniority at the plant and, if the new league folded, it meant I'd be back where I started. My wife and I had just had a child

*continued*



**HOOHING LEFT,** poet Mel Daniels goes for two against the Cougars as teammates Roger Brown (35) and Bob Netolicky, who complete the forecourt, get set for a possible rebound.





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Metal sculpture from the Dunlop Collection  
18th at Pebble Beach — Par 5



## PRO BASKETBALL continued

and it wasn't an easy choice. But I had a hunch that the time was right."

Storen, who had no office at the time, signed Brown late one night in an Indianapolis bar. The deal has been a good one for both. At 6' 5", Brown is the Pacers' high scorer, ranks in the ABA's top 10 in every category except rebounding and three-point goals, and is recognized as one of the smoothest one-on-one players in the pros. Bob Leonard, the supercharged Indiana coach who has done a fine job since taking over a last-place team early in the 1969 season, says, "When we clinched our championship this year we were only scoring about four more points a game than we were giving up. We won about 50% of our close ones mainly because we have a guy like Roger. Late in a close game we can isolate him one-on-one at one side of the court and we know he'll work in for a high percentage shot or pass off to give another guy a layup."

Last summer the NBA surrendered without firing a shot to Hawkins' threat of a lawsuit. It not only allowed him to jump from the ABA to the NBA, but paid him one of the largest reparations since the Treaty of Versailles. Although Brown, who owns stock in the Pacers, does not plan to switch leagues, he has filed a similar suit for damages. "I would expect that any merger would have provisions which would cover Roger's suit," says Storen. Since Hawkins will be paid more than \$25,000 a year for 24 years beginning at age 45, Brown may well grow old as the best-heeled former injection-machine operator around.

The circumstances of Storen's negotiations with Bob Netolicky, one of the few high draft choices the ABA signed in its first season, were hardly more auspicious than those accompanying Brown's. Storen drove his five-year-old Falcon station wagon out to the airport to pick up his new recruit, who showed up flying his own plane. When Storen made his first contract offer, Netolicky, the son of a well-to-do Iowa surgeon, replied, "I get more than that for an allowance." According to Netolicky, the final negotiations were not that tough. "I'm a beach nut," he said. "I was drafted in the second round by San Diego, too, but I was on my way to Hawaii for the summer and I figured I might as well sign and get it over with."

Despite his average of more than 20 points and 10 rebounds, Indiana fans

continued



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Making print ads can sometimes be dull. You have to sit, and stare at a typewriter because the words don't sound right. You move the logo around until the client likes where it is, and then make it bigger. And you have to argue more because people

who don't know from reverse iris wipes always have opinions about words and pictures.

Dick Coffey, Promotion Director of TIME, recently fired off a memo to his agency which asked: "How come when we review a TV commercial there are always 15 people in the screening room, and when we're trying to close an ad it's just me and the poor damn prize production guy?"

But the Dick Coffeys can't be excused, either. Square old clients, with cuffs on their pants and laces in their shoes, get that greasepaint in their veins, too. They go to the locations. They bask in the sun. They dig the scene.

All this leads us to just one question. Granted that TV is a potent advertising medium. But might not the lure of show biz

be clouding solid, basic advertising judgment?

Print advertising isn't necessarily fun. But print advertising works. Ask General Electric. Ask Sears. Ask Esso. Ask Clairol.

Then ask your agency to do a print campaign. No. Don't ask it. Order it. And give them hell if it isn't good.

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Created and signed by Young & Rubicam, Inc., because we're afraid it's true.



If it's worth a second glance, it should be in magazines.

feel that Netolicky is not sufficiently competitive and he is the only Pacer ever booed at home. It has even been suggested that he rests up during games for his late-night stands at his new bar, Neto's.

Netolicky's main offenses against Midwestern proprieties, other than occasionally missing his driving hook shot, are that he is the only person ever pulled over in Indianapolis for driving a dune buggy with improper registration and that his steady date, Gail Gibson, a local girl who attended college on the West Coast, wears long straight blonde hair, elephant bell-bottoms and Indian headbands. He does not have a llama rug in his apartment or a bottle of Scotch in his glove compartment. He is strictly a beer drinker. One lady fan said of him recently, "Neto's got the sexiest teeth in the ABA," whatever that means.

The trade that brought 6' 9" Mel Daniels to Indiana from Minnesota was the most lopsided in the ABA's short history. The Pacers gave up two players who are no longer in the league, a draft choice and cash for Daniels, who immediately turned Indiana into a contender and was last season's Most Valuable Player. He is the second best rebounder this year behind Denver's Spencer Haywood and he shoots fall-away jumpers with exceptional accuracy.

Daniels does not have all the extraordinary physical assets of the best NBA centers, but he is a fiercely competitive, driven man who often finds it difficult to sleep after games. Between 3 and 5 on those restless mornings Daniels has written nearly 300 poems about subjects like growing up—which he did in a tough section of Detroit—or the attractions of Albuquerque, N. Mex., where he attended college and lives in the off season.

"I read two of my poems on the radio a while ago and a couple of hundred people wrote in and asked for copies," Daniels says. "I had them printed up and sent them to the people, but I'd rather not do that. My poems are personal, too personal to publish. They're just a means for me to clear my mind. My favorite poet is Poe. He's my man. He was able to show how common people feel. *The Bells*, that's my favorite poem of his."

With Rick Mount, the poet, the swinger and the undertaker's rep, the Pacers are going to ring a lot of bells around the league for a long time.

END

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Except the water.



# Fort Howard Paper

Green Bay, Wisconsin 54303

## The rest of the world sort of strikes back

Ten of the best Russian chess players met the 10 best from the world at large in a match expected to demonstrate Russia's mastery of world chess. The result was a near tie and a Soviet catastrophe

The Dom Sindikata in Belgrade is a modern, spacious, domed theater that has now become famous as the scene of the greatest match in the history of chess. The match was a four-round affair that ended last week: the 10 best Russian players against the 10 best from the rest of the world, and there was no question about its importance. The 2,000 spectators who packed the Dom Sindikata every night were convinced of it. So were the 63 foreign correspondents who covered the event. Everyone in the world of chess found the Belgrade match no less than world-shaking—everyone, that is, except the Russian players.

They expected an easy victory. When Boris Spassky, the present world champion, was asked what he thought the outcome would be, he said, "Computers decided we will win by three points. Why not believe the machines?"

Why not, indeed? Five of the Russians sent to Belgrade were world champions—current or former. On first board for Russia was Spassky himself, who had not lost a single game since he won the world title last year. On Russia's second board was Tigran Petrosian, the ex-champion, of whom the American star, Bobby Fischer, said, "He's the hardest player in the world to beat." Then there were the ex-champions: Mikhail Botvinnik, Vassily Smyslov and Mikhail Tal. With these were five leading Russian contenders for the championship.

The rest of the world had, to begin with, Bobby Fischer. But Fischer had not played in a tournament in nearly two years. When he arrived he was asked why he had stayed away from competition for so long. "Hang-ups," he said.

Truly an understatement. In the past bad lighting, a little noise, an exploding flashlight were been enough to trigger Fischer's abrupt departure. Right away there was a mix-up that seemed made to order for another Fischer walkout. Bent Larsen of Denmark, ranked No. 2

in the world outside Russia, had compiled his best record to date while Fischer was inactive. Larsen threatened to withdraw unless he was allowed to play at the first board. To everyone's astonishment, Fischer gave way. "Larsen's got a point," he said.

By the time the first round started, he had second thoughts. The scene was that of any major tournament, but never before had so much chess talent been gathered in one place, and never before had Russia's finest masters been pitted against the best from everywhere else. Minutes before the match Fischer was asked how he felt about giving up first board. "It was a big mistake," he said. "I shouldn't have agreed to it."

He then took his place on the stage and thoroughly trounced Petrosian. It was an electrifying performance; Petrosian, with a lost game after the 15th move, resigned after 39 moves. There were occasional bursts of applause, and all the enthusiasm was for Fischer.

On the first board Larsen got off to a good, but not sensational, start and drew his game with Spassky. Samuel Reshevsky, seven times U.S. champion, drew his game with Smyslov after failing to press home an opening advantage. In that first round the Russians won three games, lost two and five were drawn, making the score 5½ for the Russians and 4½ for the rest of the world.

Spassky began the second round by doing a quicker job defeating Larsen than Fischer had done on Petrosian—in a hopeless position Larsen resigned after only 17 moves. Things did not look good for the rest of the world. Reshevsky blundered under time pressure and lost. Fischer was a pawn ahead at adjournment, but when the game resumed the next day his play, for the first time, became desultory. In the end, after nine hours, Fischer posted his second win.

The point he won was badly needed. It was the Russians' best round: the score,

6-4. At the halfway point they were three points ahead, just as the computer had predicted. On the bottom five boards the Russians were mopping up (the rest of the world won only one game there of the first 10), but they were unexpectedly losing at the top. And their situation was to get worse.

When the third round opened Spassky, for no visible reason, began to play like a patzer. It was incredible. He lost to Larsen, ignominiously, tipping his king in defeat as Larsen bounced back from the second-round fiasco. Reshevsky, playing as well as he ever has, contributed a positional masterpiece and won his third-round game from Smyslov.

Among the prizes were two automobiles—a Fiat for the winner at the first board and a Russian-built Moskvich at the second. "All I need is another half point to win the Moskvich," Fischer said. I was acting as Fischer's second, and this comment told me that the days of hard trying were over; he was going to play it safe. And he did. The game was drawn. Since he does not like to drive he said he was going to sell the car. European chess masters told him not to do it and said it was a fine car, except that it could not always be depended upon to run uphill.

The rest of the world won that third round by a score of 6-4; the match was nearly even. Russian grand masters are subsidized by the state and known as "the vanguard of Communist culture." "It's a catastrophe," one of the Russian players said, "At home they don't understand. They think it means there's something wrong with our culture."

They made an all-out effort to win the final round, as though determined to repair anything wrong with their culture at once. And they failed. On the first board Leonid Stein, substituting for the ailing Spassky, lost to Larsen. Reshevsky, whose religious scruples keep him from playing until after sundown on Sat-

unday, gave up his place to Fridrik Olafsson of Iceland, who lost to Smyslov. Fischer continued to play it safe for his last-round game with Petrosian, but when the game was adjourned he had a slightly inferior position. Moreover, he was increasingly bothered by noise and moved his room at the Hotel Metropole three times. The last time he landed in the room next to Petrosian's suite.

Unlike most masters, Fischer works alone on all his unfinished games. He checks with his second only to discover if there is any glaring flaw in his analysis. At 4 o'clock in the morning there was a knock on my door, and Fischer came in to make a final check of his position. He had precisely the kind of position he hates most, where there is little to do but sit back and wait. He said that in Petrosian's suite he could hear the phone ringing every few minutes as new winning ideas were discussed by teams of Russian chess analysts. He showed up tired and unshaven when play was resumed, and I feared the worst.

But he held on to draw the game and remain undefeated, and he gave the world team its best individual result, three points of a possible four.

He emerged as the top celebrity in Yugoslavia—not only among chess players but with the general public. At one of the press conferences, he was asked what chess meant to him. After a minute of serious thought he answered, "Everything."

The last round ended with a tie score, 5.5, but the total was misleading. It should have been  $5\frac{1}{2}$ – $4\frac{1}{2}$  in favor of the rest of the world. On the third board, Lajos Portisch of Hungary, playing Viktor Korchnoi of Russia, had an overpowering position and nevertheless allowed Korchnoi a technical draw—that is, a draw that results when both players repeat the same move three times. The audience was aghast, and the players who represented the rest of the world against Russia were astonished, indignant or both. "It's disgraceful," Fischer said. "Korchnoi's position was hope-

less." Clearly it was. If Portisch had forced Korchnoi to resign—as he could have done—the score for the entire match would have been even.

An American spectator, Rosser Reeves, the chairman of the American Chess Foundation and famed hard-sell advertising man, proposed a non-title match between Spassky and Fischer for a purse of \$25,000 in gold—\$15,000 for the winner. Spassky was more than agreeable. But after two days of deliberation the proposal was rejected on the grounds that it would discredit the existing qualifying system.

It is unlikely that the Russians will permit any of their champions to play an unofficial match with Fischer. The final score does not suggest how decisively the Russians were beaten on the top boards, where their strongest players were concentrated. They won only one of the 16 games on the top four boards, and the players from the rest of the world won six. Soviet chess invincibility was shattered, perhaps for good. **END**

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HOCKEY / Gary Ronberg

## Kelly's light shines under Pitt's bushel

Brilliant coaching has inspired the Penguins but not their fans

For the past three years most of the games played by the Pittsburgh Penguins have been carried on a local FM radio station whose call letters, appropriately, are WEEP. The Penguins made you want to. Not anymore, though. Thanks to Coach Red Kelly, the Penguins last week found themselves in the Stanley Cup playoffs for the first time in their brief history—and were making the most of it: on Sunday night they defeated the Oakland Seals 3-2 to complete a sweep of their opening series and put themselves into the West Division finals with the survivor of the surprisingly tight St. Louis-Minnesota playoff.

Unfortunately, too few people in the old steel town seemed to care. Even though Mayor Peter F. Flaherty had proclaimed Wednesday "Pittsburgh Penguin Day," only 8,051 turned out for the first game and, despite the Penguins' 2-1 victory, only 7,253 were there the following night to see the home team win 3-1. Pittsburgh, it seems, likes hockey on Saturday (three such crowds have exceeded 10,000 this year) and doesn't give a damn the rest of the week. Reasons for the town's apathy are varied. But a big one is that the club is weak on promotion. Board Chairman Donald H. Parsons, a Detroit banker, jets in just for the games, leaving the franchise susceptible to the ills of absentee ownership, while the fact that the team does not own the Civic Arena compounds the problem. Last week, for example, the arena's marquee read, quite casually, PENGUINS HOCKEY OAKLAND 8 P.M. Not much clout in that.

Then there is the building itself. Com-

pleted four years ago at a cost of \$22 million, the 12,580-seat arena is not entirely right for sports events. Soundproofed throughout, it is great for Johnny Cash but tough on the home team. "The fan who pays \$5 to \$7 for a ticket there doesn't get his money's worth," said an official from another NHL club. "He sees the game O.K., but it's so quiet in there he doesn't feel it. He doesn't get the excitement you get in places like St. Louis and Philadelphia and Minnesota. Or even in Oakland. Why, 5,000 people in Oakland's arena sound like 10,000 when they get worked up. In Pittsburgh 5,000 people sound like 2,000."

Leonard Patriek Kelly is quiet, too, but he is a superior coach. One of Parsons' most serious challenges may simply be holding on to him. All year long rumors have been flying that Kelly, who has a one-year contract, might be headed back to Toronto, where he finished his playing career and where he has a multitude of ties. Just how astute a hockey mind operates beneath Kelly's red-haired but slowly building pate is evident in the present gap between the team he left and the one he joined. In both years under Red Kelly the Los Angeles Kings made the playoffs, while Pittsburgh was the only expansion club to miss them both years. This season Kelly coached the Penguins to a second-place finish, no less than 26 points ahead of the last-place Kings. Considering that Kelly had Los Angeles seven points ahead of Pittsburgh last year, it is fair to say that he has meant a difference of 33 points—or 16½ victories—between the two. Pittsburgh whipped the Kings six times in eight games, outscoring them 20-11, and last week Kelly winked and said yeah, he sure did feel sorry for Jack Kent Cooke.

The problems Kelly had with the Kings' owner and his general manager, Larry Regan, never got the Hollywood treatment, though anybody remotely interested in hockey was aware of them: the owner and the general manager fined players without consulting Kelly, they held callisthenics on the Forum's asphalt parking lot with Los Angeles Rams coaches as a cadre, without Red's approval. When Kelly's two-year contract expired, he got out.

Enter Jack Riley, the general manager

of the Penguins. "I'd always thought Red did a great job in Los Angeles because his material really wasn't very good," recalls Riley. "I didn't know Red very well, but from where I sat I understood he was pretty fed up with things out there. When I talked to him in the springtime about coming to Pittsburgh, he said he was interested but that he needed some time to think things over. I just tried to impress upon him the fact that he'd have a free hand here."

Kelly was well set in outside businesses and had also been offered a job in television, but on July 2 he signed to coach the Penguins. "It all came down to the simple fact that I've spent practically my whole life in hockey," he says. "I've played every position except goal, and I think I know the game as well as anyone. It would have been pretty stupid of me, wouldn't it, to turn my back on something I'd been preparing myself for all along?"

Students of hockey will recall that Kelly was only 19 when he jumped from junior hockey to the Detroit Red Wings. He helped them win eight championships and four Stanley Cups in nearly 13 years. Following a dispute with the late Jack Adams, then the Detroit coach and general manager, Kelly was traded to Toronto, where the hold Punch Imlach shocked everyone by switching him from defense to center on a line with a young, brooding hopeful named Frank Mahovlich. With Kelly feeding him the puck, Mahovlich soared from 18 goals in 1960 to 48 a year later. In 1962 Kelly decided to combine hockey with politics, and for the next three years served as a Liberal Member of Parliament from Toronto's York West while still playing for the Maple Leafs. Changing from sweat-soaked hockey gear into a tweed suit, chailis tie and black Burberry topcoat, he commuted all but daily between hockey games and practices and the Gothic sandstone-and-oak chambers of Canada's Parliament Buildings in Ottawa. Before retiring from hockey in 1967, Kelly played on still another championship team and helped win four more Stanley Cups—making the All-Star team a total of eight times.

As a coach, Kelly's strongest suit seems to be his patience. ("Red, I am a more patient man than you are," Jack

Kent Cooke used to say—to which Kelly would reply, "Mr. Cooke, perhaps we can debate that someday.") This is fortunate. While Chicago's Billy Reay appears likely to be named Coach of the Year, having lifted the Black Hawks from last place to first in but one season, the magnitude of Kelly's work in Pittsburgh is apparent only when one considers how little he has to work with. It is a team without stars. The local favorite is in fact a 20-year-old rookie center named Michel Briere, a little 165-pounder with a quick, deceptive shot. (Although he scored only 12 goals this year, Briere showed he had the touch in his last year in amateur hockey, scoring 75 goals for Shawinigan Falls.) "He's got the moves, no doubt about it," says Kelly. "He's a will-o'-the-wisp type. Why, not long ago two big defensemen went after him—only at the last instant he wasn't there and they wound up cracking their heads together." Briere cracked in the shot that beat the Seals Sunday in sudden-death overtime.

The Penguins say their coach is fair but tough. He never blows up, but when he speaks they listen. "He's the general," says Winger Jean Pronovost. "You follow him. If he says, 'Go jump in the lake,' you go jump in the lake." Of course, being one of hockey's all-time greats doesn't hurt.

"I don't drive this club," says Kelly. "I guess I'm pretty low-key anyway. I just want respect, that's all. I'll bet we're the only club in the league that doesn't have curfews. I believe in tossing a little honor in there—you know, it helps develop teamwork."

The only way the Penguins built their edge on Oakland was through teamwork. In Wednesday's tight game Pittsburgh jumped off to a 1-0 lead in the first two minutes on a shot by Pronovost, only to have Oakland come back to tie it at 9:26. The Penguins won by means of a disputed goal in the third period by Nick Harbaruk, who had scored only five goals all year. The Seals argued, with cause, that a Pittsburgh player was in the crease when the puck went in the net, and insisted the game films would prove it. "We don't," said Red Kelly. "I lend out our game films."

Pittsburgh should pray that the club does not lend its coach, either. **END**



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# THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE GOOD SHIP **RA**

*When Thor Heyerdahl set sail on the Atlantic in a papyrus boat to unlock a riddle of the ancients, his navigator was an American. This is his story*

**BY NORMAN BAKER**

**L**ast May, Thor Heyerdahl, the famous seagoing Norseman, left the coast of Africa bound for America in a queer sailboat of ancient Egyptian design and doubtful worth. Heyerdahl speculated that long before Columbus or the Vikings made it across, Egyptians may have reached the New World in boats made of papyrus reed. Heyerdahl hoped to prove that such voyages were possible by sailing the Atlantic in a craft made of the same papyrus stuff Egyptian boatbuilders used 4,500 years ago.

When offered the job of navigator on Heyerdahl's reed boat, there were several reasons why I, Norman Baker, being of sound mind, should not have accepted. I have a wife and three children. In partnership with my brother I operate a construction business that feels neglected if either of us turns his back on it for more than a day. Beyond these obvious reasons, I should not have gone larking off with Heyerdahl in a papyrus boat because I know

*continued*

the kind of bending even modern hulls of steel, wood or fiber glass often take in the open sea. As a civil-engineering student at Cornell 20 years ago, I got a proper education in the stresses and strains that structural materials can endure. If the suitability of papyrus for making boat hulls—or even for Easter egg baskets—was discussed in my Cornell classrooms, I must have been asleep at the time.

Why did I go aboard a boat made of such doubtful stuff? First of all, I served in the Navy for nearly three years in the Korean War, most of the time as a navigator on a destroyer. In the mid-'50s I wandered for a year and a half on sailboats in Polynesia. Then in 1956 I gave up the sea and became a solid New York suburbanite, dutifully keeping up with all my installment payments. Annual cruises as a naval reservist kept my skills up, but I never seriously considered wandering again until Thor Heyerdahl, whom I had met briefly in Tahiti at the time of his Easter Island explorations, asked me to join his crew. This happened in a curiously accidental way. One day Thor was in New York having lunch with his American stockbroker, who chanced to be a naval reserve friend of mine. Thor spoke of his plans for a papyrus boat. He wondered if the stockbroker knew of an American who would be useful in the crew. My friend mentioned my name and, of course, by then Thor had forgotten that we had ever met. Subsequently I had a long dinner with Thor. Two months later he wrote from his home in Italy saying "I count on you" for the voyage and expressing "best wishes also to your brave and unknown wife." Mary Ann said I would be crazy not to go, and I signed on as navigator forthwith because of the human excellence of the skipper and the uniqueness of his quest.

Twenty-three years ago, when Heyerdahl drifted 4,300 nautical miles across the Pacific on his famous balsa raft *Kon-Tiki*, he was accompanied by four able, salt-soaked men from his native Norway and one from Sweden. In the years since, Thor has become a strong believer in the one-world idea. As a consequence, for his Atlantic odyssey on the papyrus

boat (which he called *Ra* after the Egyptian sun god), Thor assembled a crew from six nations. In addition to myself of the U.S., the crew consisted of Abdoulaye Djibrine, a carpenter of the Buduma tribe of the Republic of Chad; Santiago Genovés, a Spanish-Mexican anthropologist; Carlo Mauri, an Italian mountain climber; Yuri Alexandrovich Senkevitch, a Russian doctor; and Georges Sourial, an Egyptian chemical engineer and seuba diver.

In their various careers probably all my fellow crewmen on the *Ra* had suffered discomforts and run risks exceeding any of mine but, for all their competence, they had one common shortcoming that left me aghast when I learned of it the week before we sailed. None of my companions, not a single one of them, had ever crewed on any kind of seagoing sailboat before. Georges Sourial of Egypt had raced small sloops on fresh water, so he knew something about sailing. Being a mountain man, Carlo Mauri of Italy knew how to use a compass and handle rope, but that was the limit of the crew's experience. Without question, the seaman with the least credentials was Abdoulaye. Until he met up with Thor, Abdoulaye had never seen salt water, nor had he ever ridden in any kind of sailboat, powerboat, train, airplane, automobile or truck. (I remember particularly when two whales surfaced on our fourth day out Abdoulaye was ascended at what he thought were hippos swimming far from land.)

There is an old and freakish law of mankind—often called Murphy's Law—that states: *Anything that can go wrong sooner or later will go wrong.* While I never doubted the general ability of the other crewmen on the *Ra*, I was concerned that none of them had been exposed to the lessons of Murphy's Law at sea. The others of the crew simply were not pessimists enough for their own good.

There are many ways that Thor could have cheated in the construction of the *Ra* and greatly improved our chances of reaching America. By simply adding a crude keel, for example, I am sure we would have made 10 miles more a day. Although Thor did consult specialists with a broad knowledge of ancient boats,

in the final design of the *Ra* he adhered faithfully to the old sculptured murals and scale models of papyrus ships that have been found in the tombs and crypts of Egypt. But even when properly trusted in the ancient Egyptian way, our latter-day *Ra* proved to be quite a writhing creature, sounding more like a berserk warship stumbling around in a thicket than a ship at sea.

Forty-five hundred years ago Egypt was wetter than it is now. In the whole land today there are no good stands of papyrus reed. To dramatize our voyage, Thor built the *Ra* on the ancient plain of the Nile, near the picture-postcard pyramid of Cheops. Since Egypt could not supply either, Thor had to reach afar for papyrus and for builders who could make a boat of it. The 12 tons of papyrus used in the 48-foot *Ra* came from Lake Tana, the headwaters of the Blue Nile, 1,200 miles away in Ethiopia. The boatbuilders were imported from Lake Chad, 1,500 miles to the southwest in central Africa, where papyrus boats are still in use.

Last May I arrived in Safi, our port of embarkation on the Moroccan coast, in time to see the *Ra* as it trundled to the waterside on a flatbed truck. It had been transported from Egypt on the deck of a steamer. My first impression was of a great big ratty basket in a Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade, but once the *Ra* was afloat and we stepped the mast and began rigging and loading her, I realized she was a sailboat of some sophistication—and quite a few shortcomings. Because of his epic 101 days on *Kon-Tiki*, when the current had moved him along almost as much as the wind, at the outset even Thor was deluded into thinking the voyage of the *Ra* was more of a rafting expedition than an experiment with an old sailing ship. I stressed the importance of all hands knowing the names and functions of the rigging and the lines so we could react quickly when all hell broke loose, but I doubt if any of them would have even learned to tell a sheet from a halyard before we set out if Carlo Mauri, the Italian mountaineer, had not been among them to set an example. Carlo had known all kinds of trouble in his own element

continued

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89



*David M. Brown*

# BEJA

and was an earnest apprentice seaman.

On the basis of our first week at sea, I am convinced that papyrus boats are governed by a variation of Murphy's Law that goes like this: *On a papyrus sailboat anything that can go wrong probably will do so at the first opportunity.* At 1 a.m. of our departure day, as I was finishing a letter to my wife in my hotel room, I began to shiver. My face burned, my muscles felt tired. Being a properly reared American, naturally I would never think of bothering a doctor in the night for any ailment less serious than profuse bleeding from every pore. Accordingly, I did not consult Yuri but took two aspirins and went to bed under four blankets. When I awoke from a nightmarish sleep at 5:45 the fever was worse, so I went to Yuri's room. He took my temperature (103°F.), searched my chest with a stethoscope (my chest was clear) and fed me six pills. He was irritated because I had not called him earlier in the night. "Not disturb! Not disturb!" Yuri shouted at me. "But I am doctor. I am to disturb!"

Thor Heyerdahl has a way of looking at you steadily and asking a question only once. At our last breakfast ashore he asked me simply, "Do you think you will be all right?" I said, "Yes." As I stepped aboard the *Ra*, I said to Thor's wife Yvonne, "Tell them to wake me when we cast off." With that memorable parting shot, I entered the wicker cabin and crawled into my sleeping bag atop storage boxes. As our enterprise got under way, I, Norman Baker, was about as useful to the rest of the crew as an abscessed tooth.

Someone woke me when the *Ra*'s lines were cast off and four rowboats began towing her out to Safi's sea buoy. In a haze of fever I checked our compass against known bearings. We tried our sail, but the soft east wind barely filled it, so we accepted a tow from a fishing boat in hopes of getting better wind out beyond the buoy. While she was still in tow, the disintegration of the *Ra* began: one of the three long oars that served as a leeboard broke. At noon, 12 miles west of Safi, we dropped the towline and hoisted the sail again. By this time the freshening wind had swung

to the northwest. I ordered the helmsmen to keep the *Ra* on a heading of 240°, which was as much of a westerly track as we could manage without broaching or backwinding the sail.

For two hours we rolled along at better than two knots, escorted by half a dozen powerboats. Our buoyant ship rode the steep swells like a big happy duck, getting little more than her tail feathers wet. Since we seemed to be under way in fine style, I had sacked out again, hoping to get rid of what ailed me. The *Ra* writhed onward, creaking and groaning, but I never truly slept or was ever fully awake until I felt a severe lurch and heard a loud crack, followed immediately by another and then by a great hubbub on deck. Both of the *Ra*'s rudder oars had broken just above the blades.

I staggered out of the cabin and helped the others put out a sea anchor and reef the sail. Before sundown we lashed two of our dozen spare rowing oars off the stern to help prevent broaching. By constantly tending the sheets and tack lines, Thor and the rest kept the *Ra* from broadsiding in the night.

The next morning the wind was 15 knots and gusting above 20. The seas were at least 12 feet. My temperature was 103.5°, and I felt worse. I now had a companion in misery. Santiago Genovés, the Mexican anthropologist, was zbed with diarrhea and open saltwater sores in his groin. I made a number of groggy visits to the deck during the day to check our course and the rigging and

to help set a second sea anchor, but most of the time I slept, or tried to. In midafternoon Georges Scourial, the Egyptian scuba diver, stuck his head in the cabin to ask me if the sail should be double-reefed, since the wind was rising. There are a number of things I should have told Georges at that moment, notably to keep the sail as low as possible and to put on preventer lines to hold the yard out from the mast. In the stupidity of my fever I answered simply, "Yes," lacking the strength even to lift my head. I was next jerked out of my delirium by a sudden heaving of the stern to port. A split second later there was a hammering of wood, a roaring of whipping canvas and a crash. We had broached and backwinded the sail. The yard had slammed against the mast with such force that it splintered. In our first few hours at sea we had broken both rudder blades, and now, after little more than a day, we had no sail. We had come about 70 miles. We still had more than 3,000 miles to go, and our good ship *Ra* was already an aimless drifter.

For the next four days, without sail or a decent rudder, we went whatever way the current and wind took us, dragging two sea anchors to prevent broaching. Our odyssey surely would have ended in the first week if Thor had not been such a stickler for detail when he was researching the project. On scale-model boats found in the tomb of that famous teen-age Egyptian potentate Tutankhamon, Thor noticed that each rudder oar had a line attached—one end

*continued*



After 2,700 miles of continuous peril, the foundering "Ra" was abandoned at sea.



Author Baker charts "Ra's" progress in the wicker cabin. At voyage's end it was *ewash*.

bound to the oar shaft, the other terminating in a bight that passed through a hole in the rudder blade. Because Thor put similar safety lines on our rudder oars, when the shafts broke we did not lose the blades in the sea. By noon of our third day, Thor and Abdoulaye had spliced one rudder blade back on its shaft and put it back over the side.

We had a spare sail yard aboard—slightly slimmer than the original that had broken—but we were reluctant to use the spare while the seas stayed so steep and the wind so strong. In such steep seas and heavy weather the buoyant, ducklike *Ra* wagged her tail around entirely too much for her own good. Hopefully, when we got farther off the African coast the seas would not be so steep. In the longer swells of the open Atlantic steering should be easier and breaching less of a hazard.

At noon of our fifth day, when my fever began to drop, I got our first sure position with the sextant: 29° 34' north, 11° 12' west. We had come 200 miles from Safi but unfortunately not entirely in the right direction. South of Safi the continent of Africa bulges to the west. From Safi it takes a course of 220° or better to clear Cape Juby, a nasty protuberance on the border of Morocco and Spanish Sahara. So far we had man-

aged only about 210°. We were standing dangerously close to shore and might well end up back on the beach unless we raised the sail to get more purchase out of the northeasterly wind. We reinforced the spare yard as best we could. On the sixth day, in a half gale and seas of 15 feet, we hoisted the sail, double-reefed and with preventers on.

The sail held and allowed us to bear off more to the west, but apparently someone up there did not love us. After 2½ hours under sail, the rudder oar that Thor and Abdoulaye had spliced broke again. We fixed a thin-bladed rowing oar in its place, put out a sea anchor and lashed two more rowing oars off the port side as leeboards. During that day the biggest seas washed completely over the wagging tail of the *Ra*. In one instance, while I was on the stern tending to this or that, one large swell came aboard at the level of my waist. As best I could reckon from our speed and heading and the angle of the sea anchors astern, in another day we should raise Cape Juby just about dead on, possibly squeaking by to the west and possibly not. If we made it past, then the Canaries Current would tend to push us more to the west, and we would have little to worry about except the wind and sea for the next 3,000 miles. If we did

not clear Cape Juby, the *Ra* would end up on the beach in shambles and all hands would get home well ahead of schedule—quite possibly in caskets.

Shortly after noon of our seventh day we passed Cape Juby with six miles to spare. Although for want of a rudder we breached several times in the next 24 hours, the rigging held, and we managed to make a more westerly course, covering 65 miles. We had on board a spare 20-foot length of finished lumber roughly six by six inches, with which we intended to splice the legs of the mast if they broke. For the past four days Thor, Abdoulaye, Carlo and Georges had been reshaping the starboard rudder blade to fit on this spare length of mast timber. In the late afternoon of June 2, our eighth day at sea, we put this "super" rudder over the side and in the process almost lost the entire contraption. The wind had slackened to less than 15 knots, but the seas were still steep and confused. While all seven of us were trying to wrestle the big new rudder shaft into place, the thrust of the sea tore the lower lashing loose from the cross log to which we were trying to band it. For several terrible minutes the four of us on the lower end were tossed about like sudden rag dolls, getting a grip on the boat one minute and the next being snatched off by the force of the wagging blade. Someone—I do not remember who—luckily got a line around the wild blade before it pulled our steering platform loose.

During the rest of the voyage the waves rarely behaved as they should in the tropical Atlantic in early summer. The wind, on the other hand, was quite consistent. Indeed, there was only one day when it swung west of north, forcing us southward and slightly back to the east. With a good rudder over the side the *Ra* was a fairly efficient boat when the wind was astern or coming from either quarter. This meant that in the predominant northeast wind we could head due west, taking the wind over our starboard quarter. From my solar fixes it was obvious that because of the southwesterly set and leeway of our keelless hull on a due-west heading we were actually making only about 255°. But since we had left

the African coast at a latitude well north of Florida, we could afford to sag slightly south of a due-west heading. If the winds stayed true to form, we would certainly make a landfall somewhere north of the Guyana coast, probably in the Caribbean. When you have the wind almost at your back the Americas are a hell of a hard place to miss.

In simulating an ancient Egyptian odyssey we of the *Ru* cheated really in only two respects. Although the hull and rigging of the *Ru* were lashed together with fiber lines in the ancient way—without a modern nail or bolt in the whole writhing carcass—we did have modern hand tools for making repairs. Any Egyptian crew that ventured westward in the Atlantic 4,500 years ago did so without charts or without any clue as to where they were bound or where they were; in that day there was no magnetic compass needle. Aboard the *Ru* we had a good compass and sextant and a radio to keep in scheduled contact with amateurs on the 20-meter band. These modern devices did not help us get where we hoped to go, but thanks to them we usually knew where we were, and that is always a comfort.

We included in our larder only food and drink of a kind that old Egyptians were known to have used or might logically have used: dried fish and mutton, dried peas, beans and corn, salt beef, nuts, cheeses and coconuts. We took along enough fresh fruit and live fowl to last almost a month and enough fresh eggs to last six weeks preserved in a soft lime compound. We had three kinds of durable bread along: an Egyptian "hard bread" that lived up to its name, Norwegian sea biscuits that were very hard and a Russian black bread that in my considered opinion as a construction engineer was almost suitable for paving streets. The Russian black bread was delicious—spicy, tangy—but it was more than a match for human teeth unless it was first soaked in soup or tea. One day in the third week Thor bit into a piece of the Russian bread and snapped off a tooth. In pain he flung the slice over the side, howling, "Lousy Communist bread." At this insult to a national product, Yuri, our Russian doc-

tor, stalked off to the bow and stewed there for several minutes, cooking up a reply. Then he returned and informed Thor, "Is not lousy socialist bread. Is rotten capitalist tooth."

In our 55 days on the Atlantic we were not always alone. Whales sometimes rolled and spouted on the fructured surface of the sea. Porpoises would take up with us for an hour or so, then peel off and go their separate way. One school of a spotted species swam so close that we could reach over the side and pat them. We had two mascots aboard: a phlegmatic male duck named Sinbad and a female rhesus monkey named Safi. For those readers contemplating an Atlantic cruise in a papyrus boat, I recommend ducks as mascots, but I am not sure about monkeys. Our dear monkey, Safi, was too much of an irresponsible party girl. She always wanted to play, and we could not always afford to. She also had a penchant for toying with precious gear, such as cameras, and an unfortunate habit of defecating at random. At times when some part of the rigging busted loose and seconds counted, if a crewman dashed by within the scope of Safi's tether she would leap onto him, anxious for attention. If he spurned her, she would sink her teeth in. If our doctor kept a complete medical log of the ailments he treated, I feel sure the most frequent entry was "monkey bite."

Flying fish often came aboard during the night and ended up in our frying pan. During our third week, when we were near the Cape Verde Islands, the first dolphin took up under the *Ru* and was soon joined by others. Thereafter, every now and again we would see a sudden flash of green gold as two or three of the dolphins darted out from under the boat. In the next instant, a few boat lengths off to port or starboard, hundreds of flying fish would leap up and skitter away, fleeing the playful dolphins. For a week after the dolphins took up with us, we tried to catch them with rod and reel, trolling a flying fish or some other temptation about six inches underwater. The dolphin would sometimes hit, getting a good mouthful of bait but never the hook. We had no success until Thor—putting his *Koo-Tiki*

experience to use—showed us how. If we merely danced the bait on the surface, the dolphin went wild and took hook and all. Thor cautioned us to catch a dolphin only when we wanted to eat it and to be sure we left some swimming under the boat. If we left at least one, we would probably soon have others. If we took the last one, others might not come. On a day of our fifth week, alas, in disregard of Thor's advice one of the crew, caught up in the excitement of fighting the 30-pounders, fished out the whole pack of seven dolphins that were swimming with us. As Thor had warned, no more came.

In 55 days we saw about a dozen ships, most of them far away on the rim of the ocean. The friendliest passerby was an American freighter, *African Neptune*—such a good friend that she almost did us in.

On the afternoon of July 1 the *Neptune* came by about half a mile to starboard, eastbound and obviously in ballast since her boot top was a good eight feet out of the water and a third of her screw was showing. She went right past us without so much as a toot or a show of interest on deck. Then, a good hour after she had gone under the horizon, she reappeared, heading for us. I can only guess that it eventually occurred to her crew that we were something out of the ordinary. On her return visit the *African Neptune* steamed alongside to starboard and cut her engines. For a moment crewmen on the deck simply stared at us in wonderment.

I shouted up to them, "Is there anything we can do for you?"

A hand on *African Neptune* finally found his voice and shouted back, "Is there anything we can do for you?"

"Yeah, please throw us some oranges."

While the crew was making up sackloads of fruit for us, *African Neptune* pulled ahead, turned in front of *Ru* and stopped. On such a collision course any modern sailboat could heave to in a trice, but the sideslippy *Ru* could only bear off 45° in either direction and in sluggish fashion. At the moment we were only about 50 yards off, on a course that would take us into the 600-foot *Af-*

*continued*

near *Nephris* just about anadships. It would have been quite a disgrace if we had ended our simulated ancient voyage prematurely by running smack-dab into a modern steamship in broad daylight in the middle of the ocean. "Please, please, throw the oranges over and get out of the way," I shouted. "We can't maneuver this thing." After a few seconds that seemed to last forever, the fruit came over the side, the *Nephris*'s screw began to churn and she gathered enough headway so that we passed safely under her stern.

Several times on our voyage we sailed through seas fathier than any the old Egyptians might have encountered. Over a period of a month, on live separate days, from sunup until dark, the sea around us was thick with the same gummy globs of tar that are spoiling so many ocean shallows and shores today. On the five filthy days every handful or potful of seawater that we scooped up contained some of this tarry gunk that comes from ships' tanks. Since we covered about 35 statute miles between first light and dark of an average day, the contaminated area must have been at least 2,000 square miles.

On easy days we often went over the side with a safety line to inspect our hull and to bathe. Before going over we always took a look below with a face mask to see if any sharks were about. Our curving track through the tropical Atlantic logically should take us among sharks of some kind, perhaps blues or the oceanic white-tips. Curiously, we did not see any for the first 2,600 miles. The first shark that took up with us, on our 44th day, was not a blue or a white-tip but a dappled specimen barely seven feet long and as rusty as they come. Santiago Genoves first caught sight of the shark while it was chewing on the float of the safety line that we trailed astern. After a brief assault on the float the shark swam toward us, stopping now and again to bite at the safety line. Once alongside, it began gnawing on the papyrus hull.

At that point in our voyage one of the things we needed least was a papyrus-eating shark. Georges dispatched it with a well-placed spear. By then our good

ship *Ra* was in a sorry state anyway, her days most certainly numbered. I had planned to keep a detailed daily log, but seldom got a chance. Indeed, the only noteworthy entry I made late in the voyage is a gloomy one on July 4. On that day I wrote: "I am finally convinced that we will not make it beyond the nearest Caribbean islands. The once marvelously buoyant papyrus body of *Ra*, which did not seem to notice eight tons of rigging and cargo in Salt, is now so sensitive to weight shifts that two men standing in the stern is enough to invite tons of water aboard when the seas crash over our recently raised gunwales. The storage cases in the rear and on the starboard side of the cabin have been wet for days, and now free water stands in several low places along the starboard side. Yesterday for the first time water was noticed on the port side as well, in the pocket formed where the mast has crushed into the papyrus. Last night I awoke with apprehension several times as waves slammed against the canvas-covered wicker wall behind my head. As we settle in the water, our speed decreases. We had averaged 60 miles a day. Yesterday we made 42. At 50 a day we have 29 days to the nearest land."

By the time she had 2,200 miles behind her, the *Ra* was bogging down for sure. Her stern, which had wagged all too freely at the start, was dragging badly. The papyrus was not at fault; in fact, when thoroughly water-soaked it was even tougher and more pliant. Most of our grief was the result of our failure to understand the nature of this wondrous old stuff well enough to make the best use of it. We now know that immersed papyrus soaks up water

fast for a few days, then more slowly, until it is more than double its dry weight. Since the papyrus expands in the process of absorption, thus displacing more water, the loss of buoyancy is not excessive. Our first problem stemmed from the fact that a large quantity of papyrus—about three tons—was used in the sides of the *Ra* above the waterline. Because we took the seas mostly over the starboard quarter, that side became soaked and heavier.

There were a couple of building clues in the ancient records that we overlooked. In a postmortem after the voyage, Thor admitted that he had disregarded one papyrus boatbuilding tip that in the past 1,500 years has been as widely circulated and as often read as any fragment of knowledge. If you open any popular version of the Old Testament to the Book of Exodus, Chapter II, third verse, you will find that when the daughter of Levi sought to hide her infant son Moses "... she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and put the child



Tons of water engulf the stern as the end nears. Here



therein, and she laid it in the flaps by the river's brink." Much of the water soaked up by papyrus reed enters through the cut end of the stalk. There is not much doubt that if we had daubed pitch on the ends of the thousands of stalks in the *Ra* we would have slowed up the absorption greatly and made better way through the water.

Using pitch as the Bible says would have compensated somewhat for two errors we made in building the stern of the *Ra*. During construction, the two Chaldean builders, Mussa and Omar, went on a four-day strike. (It was probably the first strike in the long annals of papyrus boatbuilding—it is unlikely that any of the builders working for the Pharaohs ever walked off a job.) Mussa and Omar did not want to build a tapered, upcurving stern on the *Ra*. They had always built wide, low, square sterns on the boats of Lake Chad and, by Allah, that is what they planned to do now. After much cajoling and discussion Thor convinced them that the Atlantic Ocean was quite a different body of wa-

ter from shallow Lake Chad. When they consented to make the stern as Thor wanted it Mussa and Omar literally built it backward, so that the cut ends of many papyrus stalks protruded forward against the flow of water.

In murals of the old papyrus ships there was a stay running from the top of the upcurving stern to a point forward of the aftermost shroud stays. I suppose we should have realized that this stay was integral to the truss construction, but, alas, our builders, feeling that it was merely an esthetic flourish, overruled the muralists.

During our voyage we never had hoped to get swells as long as those of the big Pacific, but we had expected that in mid-Atlantic the seas would be less steep than those we put up with off Africa. I think the Atlantic might have obliged us if the summer of 1969 had been a normal one. Ordinarily the bad weather of the tropical Atlantic in late summer emanates from a low-pressure area off Africa that casts ever-deepening disturbances westward. But last summer was a lousy

one (which climaxed, you may recall, with hurricane Camille, a real buster). During our voyage there were little storms here and there that sent us swells from various directions. There was rarely a day when one hump of water passed beyond the bow of the *Ra* before another was upon her rear end. In the first week the *Ra* was a buoyant, "wash-through" craft: she took relatively little water over the side, and what did come aboard tended to drain out through the many cracks in the papyrus bundles. As the papyrus absorbed water, we rode lower and took more over the side. Because the papyrus also swelled, the water could

not drain back as fast. Toward the end each big sea that came upon us filled the stern. Then as the crest passed on amidships, the hull hogged severely, because the stern was borne down by an extra five tons of water.

Even in her maiden days the *Ra* was not a living doll—certainly she was never a match for any of the seagoing beauties that adorn, say, the walls of the New York Yacht Club. By the end of the voyage the *Ra* was quite a shopworn dame, a shabby, patched-up old girl. By mid-July her original sail yard had been used as a rudder splice and her spare mast as a rudder shaft. One rudder blade, by then, was serving as a leeboard, and her modern Styrofoam life raft had been cut up and lashed on the sagging stern to give it more freeboard and flotation. Goatskin hags and earthen jars that once held drinking water were also lashed astern to help buoy it up. By the second week in July we had jury-rigged lines this way and that to serve instead of the stay that we had originally omitted on the sagging stern. Despite all our efforts, the rear end remained awash and resembled, as much as anything, the flooded backyard of a tenement crisscrossed with laundry lines. One day as he sloshed about in the stern, Carlo Mauri glanced up at all the jury-rigging overhead and declared, "This boat has become a paradise for the monkey and hell for the men."

Whenever the seas permitted during the voyage, Georges Sourial, the ablest diver among us, went over the side to inspect the *Ra*'s bottom. On the occasions when I joined him we usually saw striped pilot fish up at the bow. Back around the stern there were bright, spotted pompano of some sort. In our last two weeks we did not have to go over the side to see the beautiful pompano. By that time some of them were swimming in the standing pool of water that filled our stern. I first discovered that pompano had joined us on deck while hunting for a mainlinespike that I dropped in our rear-end pool. The water was so deep that I was using a mask and snorkel. While I was snorkeling around looking for the spike, the pompano would swim up to the plate of my mask, huge-eyed and impudent, and stare

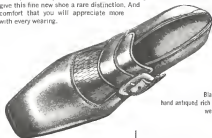


Santiago Genovés stands on precarious steering platform

continued

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## THE RA

in at me, as if inquiring, "What in hell are you doing here?"

In all of his underwater inspections, Georges did not find a single stalk of papyrus disintegrating, nor any frayed bindings on the underside bundles. It was the upper layer of papyrus bundles that was our eventual undoing. In the uncommonly steep swells that often tormented the *Ra*, the wacker cabin worked to and fro, fraying the bindings of the reed bundles on which it rested. Bindings gave way under the starboard leg of the mast also. To mend such damage we had a five-foot "needle" about an inch in diameter, with an eye about five inches from the pointed end.

To patch the *Ra* we threaded a quarter-inch strand of manila through the eye of the needle. We would hammer the needle down through the hull on one side of a bundle that needed rebinding. Georges would then go below and take the manila line out of the eye. It took two or three of us on deck to extract the needle and drive it back down on the other side of the bundle. When Georges had rethreaded the line, his partners on deck would pull it back up and bind off the line. By this tedious process we might have saved the *Ra*—but we will never know.

On July 8 we asked the radio amateurs who kept in touch with us to hire a vessel to escort us the last 1,000 miles to the island of Barbados. The hired escort ship—a 74-foot diesel named *Shenashush*, out of St. Croix—had her own troubles and did not meet up with us for eight days.

By then bindings were parting faster than we could mend them, and we were losing quite a bit of papyrus. Water stood in our cabin and open galley, and when large waves came over the starboard side they ran forward all the way to the bow.

Once the *Shenashush* was close by, naturally we could take our chances with the elements. But on the day she did arrive we ran into a different kind of bad luck. Most species of shark have remarkable noses. After our experience on the *Ra* I am willing to believe that sharks can even smell doom at a distance. On the whole voyage we had met up with only one shark, the nutty, seven-foot pa-

continued



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PROFESSION: Actor

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LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: The star of Broadway's musical comedy hit, "Promises, Promises"

QUOTE: "I feel responsible for the success or failure of the show every evening. If I'm not up, the show suffers."

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# working

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papyrus-eater. The day the *Skenawabak* reached us, as Georges was working underwater stitching us back together, he saw one small blue shark circling cautiously well below him. The next morning three blue sharks, larger and bolder, came out of the deep, occasionally spiraling upward to give Georges the once-over. That afternoon white-tip sharks showed up, prowling on the surface and making an occasional sharp turn in toward Georges. When Georges took up his underwater needlenwork a day later there were 25 sharks below him and around him.

In the Red Sea, Georges had often put up with sharks as companions and knew their ways quite well. Shortly before noon of the third sharky day, a 15-foot blue suddenly altered its normal upward spiraling and came directly for Georges. Georges instantly sprang out of the water and over the gunwale, popping up much as a wet watermelon seed does when you squeeze it between your fingers. When a shark gang gets in such a mood there is not much you can do except get back aboard and leave the ocean to them. Since further repair was impossible with the sharks around, on July 16 we left the *Ra* for good, having come 2,700 miles from Africa and with only 600 miles to landfall. Santiago Genovés and I rigged a small mast made of two rowing oars and bent on a small sail before we disembarked. We last saw *Ra* plowing along astern of the *Skenawabak*, turning gold in the waning sun.

In baa or in bundles certainly most of the papyrus reed of the *Ra* roached some western shore—possibly in the Antilles, more probably westward on the lonely beaches of Honduras and Quintana Roo. I have heard that last fall beachcombers on the Gulf coast of Texas found strange ropebound bundles of sticks but left them on the beach since they seemed to be flotsam of no importance.

Could Egyptians have sailed such a ship across the Atlantic 4,500 years ago? I cannot say, but I am sure now of one thing. The papyrus of their hulls is worthy of such a venture. It is the sort of everlasting stuff of which real dreams are made.

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## DOWNFALL (CONT'D.)

Sirs:

The halfway decision on Denny McLain and the complete pullout from Seattle should be ample proof that Bowie Kuhn is another stooge for the major league baseball owners. (Appropriately, both decisions were announced on April Fool's Day...) Our great American game hasn't had a great commissioner of strength and integrity since Kenesaw Mountain Landis. Baseball often talks of the values it teaches youngsters. The McLain case seems clear-cut, either calling for a year's suspension or making him available for Opening Day. Won't it be ironic if Earl Weaver selects him for the All-Star Game?

A lot of people will do even more reconsidering about baseball and it should list these owners where their hearts are—in their pocketbooks.

JAMES B. ASH

Shawnee Mission, Kans.

Sirs:

I feel that McLain should have been banned from all professional sports for the rest of his life, and I also feel that Kuhn should be banned from the commissioner's office for the rest of his life. If, as Kuhn says, McLain was a victim instead of an active member of the gambling ring, then he has no one but himself to blame because he is a grown man. He saw an opportunity to make some big money illegally and I cannot find one ounce of pity for him.

Between them, McLain and Kuhn sure set a fine example for my kids and all other kids to follow!

JACK HEISLER

San Antonio

## BROKE REVIVAL

Sirs:

I would like to commend SI for recognizing that, besides being the city of the Miracle Mets, the former world-champion Jets and the highly lauded Knicks, New York is the home of the Yankees (*The Yanks Are Coming, or So They Hope*, April 6). Unbelievable as it may seem, there are some Yankee fans left. Many of them are young and all are intensely faithful. They have to be—I am elated to see that at least one major sports magazine realizes the Yankees are alive and reviving in the Bronx.

MEREDITH BRADY

Middle Village, N.Y.

Sirs:

In reading Peter Carry's article I noticed that Yankee attendance fell to 1,067,996. This is an attendance figure many major league teams would like to have. The Yan-

kees drew more people than the American League pennant winner, the Baltimore Orioles. They drew 57,000 more than the AL average for 1969 and had the highest attendance figure of any AL second-division club. So I'd say they did pretty well!

RANDY ROLF

Homer City, Pa.

## DERBY PRESCRIPTION

Sirs:

In your article *Two Derbies Down, One to Go* (April 6) I found a rather strange contrast between the views of Whitney Tower and Alfred Wright. Mr. Wright, in his report on the Santa Anita Derby, made a special effort to mention the strong closing surge of Aggressively, an 81-to-1 shot who got third money; he also mentioned him as having an erratic mind of his own, like his sire, Decidedly. Mr. Tower listed Dr. Behrman, the fourth-place finisher in the Florida Derby, as one of the also-rans, none of whom appeared "up to the challenge of going 10 furlongs instead of nine on May 2." I watched this race on TV and would like to point out 1) that Dr. Behrman had to run even wider on the final turn than Corn Off the Cob had to in the stretch and thereby lost more ground to My Dad George than the runner-up did; 2) that Dr. Behrman had previously won two allowance races at 1 1/4 and 1 3/4 miles; and 3) that he ran a feverish last eighth than any of the first three finishers and he was still closing on the leaders at the finish.

If that's not enough to warrant mention of Dr. Behrman, he was sired by Hail to Reason, whose offspring have made their mark in Triple Crown events. Hail to All was fifth in the Kentucky Derby, third in the Preakness and first in the Belmont (beating Tom Rolfe). Proud Clarion and Reason to Hail, racing in the same year, were first and fourth in the Derby, while finishing third and fourth in the Preakness.

Beware of one who ignores a Hail to Reason colt whose closing surge comes up just short in a race an eighth of a mile shorter than the Derby.

TOM STARR

Nashville

## DEBATABLE ISSUES

Sirs:

Your cover story on Keith Magnuson and Derek Sanderson (*The Desperate Hows*, April 6) was far and away the best you've featured all season (especially since not one word was said about Montreal, for once). But I would debate one statement made to the effect that Sanderson is the best penalty-killer in hockey today. On the contrary, his record is nowhere near as good as those of

either Eric Nesterenko or Chico Maki of the Black Hawks. Although the Bruins have broken the record for power-play goals, they still have allowed almost as many goals (80) while shorthanded as they've scored with advantages (81). Meanwhile, the Hawks, thanks largely to Nesterenko and Maki, have let in only 32 goals while killing penalties since the season began, and they hold the NHL lead in that department handsly.

JOHN WILHELM

Highland Park, Ill.

Sirs:

Obviously your article on Canada's "concern" for the waning fortunes of the Montreal Canadiens and Toronto Maple Leafs (*Up Jump the Canucks*, March 23) referred only to eastern Canada's concern. Personally, and I am far from being in the minority here in western Canada, I would be beside myself with joy if Toronto and Montreal failed to make the Stanley Cup playoffs for the next 20 years. You have fallen for the usual Toronto-Montreal propaganda that all Canada is deliriously behind our two representatives. Most western boys and up playing with American clubs that are 98% Canadian anyway. Both Detroit (especially because of Gordie Howe and Sid Abel, Saskatchewan natives) and Chicago have strong followings in western Canada. Emile Francis (another Saskatchewan boy) and his Rangers are strongly supported in northern Saskatchewan, and Bobby Orr has helped to create many new Canadian fans for Boston. In addition, western fans like Minnesota and St. Louis, along with Chicago, not only give us a closer geographical location to the NHL, but their radio broadcasts come in quite clearly. Certainly Toronto and Montreal also have strong supporters in the west, but please do not assume that all Canada sits doped by the Toronto and Montreal TV axis. As for me, I will continue to support the team I have supported since my early childhood, the Chicago Black Hawks, and feel no twinge of antipatriotism.

JOHN C. CLARK

Regina, Saskatchewan

## COCKFIGHT

Sirs:

I must thank Dick Russell for his article, *Bloody Nights on the Lone Prairie* (March 23). It has long been accepted among the most conscientious members of the cocking fraternity that exposure to the public, even through positive articles, does harm. However, Russell's article is the best that I have ever read by a person outside of the sport. It was a report of the events and not steeped in exposé. Far too often the writers leave

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the readers with the feeling that they should make a moral judgment.

Alas, even though this article was first-rate, it will probably cause added pressure by moralizers, Victorian do-gooders, "humanists" and all in Kansas who oppose liquor by the drink and pari-mutuel betting. I hope not, because the times are changing and there is more acceptance of allowing people to do their own thing.

NEAL W. BLENDEN

Arkansas City, Kans.

### AGES AND CORNS

Sirs:

*A Handful of Aces* (March 23) is undoubtedly the most realistic story I have ever read about bridge players in general and U.S. competition in particular. William Johnson is accurate in every detail. Ira Corn is an exceptional man; he very quickly understood the strengths and weaknesses of top-class bridge players. He figured out what needed to be done and, since he had the means, he did it. His efforts will definitely bring back the world championships to America—most likely this year or, if not, the next or the next.

There are many other promising young bridge players in the U.S. It is not too soon for some other enterprising group to do what Ira has done.

TERRY RADOFF

Richardson, Texas

Sirs:

It is hard for me to believe that there is another Ira Corn. This is the first time that I have ever heard of anyone with this name, except for myself. I claim no relationship.

IRA I. CORN

Port Angeles, Wash.

### FEUDALISM

Sirs:

We agree with Jack Stewart (19th Hole, March 23) that the NCAA was not stupid in the Jack Langer affair. Small-minded, vindictive and power hungry, yes, but not stupid. The NCAA knew exactly what it was doing when it refused to allow Jewish athletes to represent their country in the Maccabiah Games. The "guardian of college athletics" was continuing its petty fight with the Amateur Athletic Union for control of amateur sports by weakening the AAU-sponsored team. Any other interpretation of the action is absurd, since the rule prohibiting summer basketball has been waived in all previous Pan-American and Maccabiah Games. It is unclear how continuing this policy would have, as Mr. Stewart alleges, "let down the floodgates for a raft of such invitations in the future," since there are very few events considered as important as the Maccabiah Games.

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### 19TH HOLE

dents as pawns for NCAA political maneuvering was evident throughout the Langer affair and elsewhere. While we, too, applaud penalties for recruiting violations, we wonder why flagrant dishonesty in such areas, when punished, usually nets only a one-year probation for the offending team, while Yale, for openly questioning the NCAA and allowing a student to play basketball, drew a two-year suspension in all sports.

The point behind these incidents seems to be that when a school questions an NCAA political position in any way, the NCAA makes the students suffer severely. And while Walter Byers may get to work early, a hard-working tyrant is still a tyrant.

**MIKE GOODMAN**  
DEA, ROTHSCHILD  
Sports Editors

*Yale Daily News*  
New Haven, Conn.

### Says

Mr. Stewart's interpretation of the Jack Langer dispute implies, quite wrongly, that Yale expects special treatment for her athletes. Yale's decision to allow Langer to compete at the Macabash Games stems from its firmly rooted belief that no individual, no student athlete from any college, should lose his right to compete because of a political power struggle to control sports.

Has the "brilliant" Walter Byers (the word is Mr. Stewart's) explained why the NCAA permitted American students to participate in every sport at the Macabash Games except basketball? It is unfortunate that Yale's concern for the individual in sports is not matched by the NCAA's.

**CRAIG MYERS**

Syracuse, N.Y.

### CRUSHED

#### Says

Since you have recognized the NCAA (National Crabapple Association of America) and the AAU (Amateur Applecrushing Union) (19th Hole, March 30), I think it is high time you recognized BACON (Buffalo Apple Crushing Olympics of the Nation). We are many steps ahead of everybody. For the forthcoming Apple Crushing Olympics we have banned Yale for sending an applecrusher to Afghanistan. Also, we will not let any South Africans compete. We are thinking of banning the applecrushing team of Iceland because they count their attendance wrong (they count season-ticket holders, too). Last year we even suspended our star applecrusher for betting on apples.

**TOM LEVERETT**

Buffalo, N.Y.

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